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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

REV. DR. BANCROFT.

[Extract from Rev. Mr Hill's Discourse, delivered at the Interment of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D.]

In the defence of the principles which he thus asserted, our late venerable Pastor was ever ready to engage with the zeal, and ardor, and perseverance becoming a great and good cause. He was their champion in all suitable places. In associations, in conventions, in ecclesiastical councils his voice was raised in their behalf, and he uttered his indignant rebuke at any attempt to violate them. All, which he did in this cause cannot now be known; many records of his labors passed away with the occasions which called them forth. But, of the thirty-six separate publications which he left behind him, several are an express vindication of religious liberty, and all breathe a free, healthful air which could not have been derived from one whose love of religious freedom was not consistent, ardent, and sincere. In his two principal works,—those on which his permanent reputation will rest,—the Life of Washington, published in 1807, and the volume of Controversial Sermons, published in 1822, you see the mind and the spirit of the man. In selecting Washington as the subject of his interesting and instructive biography, he seems to have been attracted by a sympathy with the grandeur of his character and his generous sacrifices in the cause of freedom. No one could have so painted the struggles of the chieftain, or have penned the concluding words of that life, whose heart did not throb with a kindred emotion. 'Uniting the talents of the soldier (these are the words,) with the qualifications of the statesman, and pursuing, unmoved by difficulties, the noblest end by the purest means, he had the supreme satisfaction of beholding the complete success of his great military and civil services, in the independence and happiness of his country.' The volume of sermons, you are aware, contains a full exposition and vindication of the great principles and doctrines of Christianity as he interpreted it. The volume was published at the request of his parishioners, and was warmly welcomed by the religious community, especially that portion which most sympathized in their views with the venerated author. It was highly commended in the leading reviews of the day, and was instrumental in settling many anxious inquirers on the firm basis of religious truth. The encomium of the elder President Adams, in a letter to the author, although familiar to many before me, is too strong and characteristic not to be repeated. 'I thank you,' he says, 'for your kind letter of the 30th December, and above all, for the gift of a precious volume. It is a chain of diamonds, set in links of gold. I have never read nor heard read, a volume of sermons better calculated and adapted to the age and country in which it was written. I have conversed freely with most of the sects in America, and have not been inattentive to the writings and reasonings of all denominations of Christians and philosophers; but after all, I declare to you, that your twenty-nine sermons have expressed the result of all my reasoning, experience, and reflection, in a manner more satisfactory to me, that I could have done in the best days of my strength.' The last publication of Dr. Bancroft, preached three years ago, on the termination of fifty years of his ministry, is consonant with all the rest. It was delivered at a period, and on an occasion, when nothing but the soberness of truth had interest for the mind. It showed an intellect still strong amid the infirmities of the body; that weight of years had not abated his interest in the welfare of the community, nor the snows of eighty winters quenched the flames of religious freedom which were early enkindled in his bosom.

From what has been said, let it not be inferred that he loved strife, or that his preaching was ordinarily of a polemic character. There is no ground for such an inference. He was accustomed to take a wide range in the choice of his subjects, and was unusually happy in bringing out the meaning of the difficult passages of scripture, and in giving lessons of sound and practical duty. He was fervent, strikingly appropriate, and often eloquent in prayer; and none could habitually sit under his ministry, and carry out his suggestions into the life, without acknowledging the general soundness of the preacher, and finding themselves in the path of religious wisdom and improvement.

The circumstances of which we have spoken, in which our venerable friend was placed in the beginning, and through which, from time to time, he passed, did something perhaps to form, certainly afforded occasion for the display of a noble character,—one which it is impossible to regard but with gratitude and affection. At first his position was peculiar. He had assumed new principles, and adopted opinions differing, in some particulars, from the received opinions of the day; and, as it is the world's wont, he was the mark of much bitterness, and the storm of prejudice gathered around him. His ministerial brethren regarded him with coldness and suspicion. He was denied ministerial fellowship and the Christian name. He was talked against, preached against, denounced, and shunned; and for seven long years pursued his almost solitary way—performing all the duties of his office, warding off calumny, removing misrepresentations, explaining, defending,—subjected, in a word, to every species of petty provocation; and yet, through this trial, one of the severest to which the human character can be subjected, he passed unscathed. Alike superior to frowns and flatteries, unalarmed by the fears of the timid, unseduced by the confidence of the presumptuous, he calmly and serenely followed his appointed path. And it was a source of grateful reflection to him to the last, to which he often referred, that in the darkest period of his life, when unkind and bitter things were said, when the storm of calumny poured down upon him, no allegations of a moral nature were ever laid to his charge. A suspicion of reproach never sullied the purity of his character. And this was not because he maintained a cold reserve and practised habitual concealment. No man was ever more frank and open than he. There was a truthfulness and consistency about him which immediately impressed the mind. His tongue was the index of his heart. There were no subterfuges—no double dealings in him. If, therefore, no charges were ever made against his character, it is because there was no ground for charges; there was nothing in him which he wished to conceal. Accordingly, he was ever regarded a fair and manly opponent, who scorned to resort to petty artifice, and seize on unworthy measures. While he was true to the friends and the cause which he espoused, he was unalterably fixed in his opposition to the cause which he did not approve. Such sincerity, integrity, and uprightness could not fail to produce their effects. His traducers were silenced; his opposers were won; and afterwards, in seasons of their perplexity and trial, he became their confidential adviser and friend. And at the period of his death, it may be doubted whether the person lived, who thought of him unkindly, or with any feelings, but those profound respect. I mention this as a noble triumph of the power of moral goodness—most honorable to him, and full of encouragement to all. For, you may be surprised to learn that those traits which disarmed prejudice, and saved him from reproach, were not the gift of nature, but of education; that he was constitutionally ardent in his temperament, and strong in his passions; but by self-discipline, he had obtained such entire self-government, that he was never taken off his guard,—could be provoked to commit no indiscretions, and thus give occasion of offence. Who, after this, shall plead the strength of his passions, and the infelicity of his circumstances in extenuation of his follies?

THY WILL BE DONE.

We are in this world exclusively for the purpose of attaining an end. And what end? precisely that which the petition we are considering brings before us, the union of our sanctified will with God's will; a union which constitutes our supreme happiness. Now if we know from the word of God, if the Christian knows by experience, that there is nothing more calculated to carry him on quickly and surely towards that end than the very sufferings to which God subjects him; if he knows that these alone will bend his rebellious will and make it renounce its idols, die to itself and to every creature, that it may live to God alone; if he knows that they will promote his sanctification, that they are the crucible in which the Divine Artificer purifies his soul, and renders it capable of enjoying heaven, the abode of holiness and love; then he will never be induced to consider suffering as the result of a blind chance, or as the strokes of a terrible justice that would plunge him in hopeless despair. Oh no! he feels the hand of a Father, who is carrying on the education of his child, and who, for this purpose, employs a rigorous discipline, painful to his paternal heart, but employs it because he sees in his wisdom, that this is the best means for attaining the end which his tender mercy has in view, the salvation of an immortal soul for which Jesus died, and which he desires to save at any cost!—*Meditations on the Lord's Prayer, and Discourses by A. Bonnet.*

CHRISTIANITY IN ITS POWER.

We are too apt to take our notions of Christianity from the form and degree of it which we see existing around us; but in the spread of religion through the world there are two opposite principles at work; Christianity endeavoring to reconcile the world unto Christ, and the heart of man persisting in its rebellion, and excluding the power of religion from entrance. Sometimes the victorious principle is most exemplified, and then we see religion in its true character, and in its due influence. When we seek to discern the nature of things, we should contemplate any power, not in its lowest, but in its highest degree of action, or in what Bacon would term the *instantia ostensiva*; and to understand the influence of Christianity, we must revert to the times when its energy and transforming efficacy was most evidently displayed. He who only regards Christianity as it is at present will become accustomed to the want of success, and suppose that the present is the natural state of the Christian community. On the contrary, he who considers Christianity when eminently progressive, will rightly conclude that though it is natural for the fallen heart to resist the gospel, yet that it is far more congenial for Christianity to spread its triumphs, and to assert its heaven derived authority.

The true nature of Christianity was manifested in the preaching of the apostles, when three thousand were converted at a single discourse, and when church after church was erected during the brief sojourn of the apostle Paul in each of the cities through which he passed. Somewhat of the efficacy of religion was displayed in the days of Luther, and in those winged writings which flew from kingdom to kingdom with a celerrity unknown before, yet in their speedy passage leaving permanent traces behind them, and convictions as deeply rooted as they were sudden. Thus religion has been maintained by revivals, but proceeding in narrower circles. Later renovations have not been equal to the Reformation nor the Reformation to the times of the apostles. But Christianity is destined to reverse this process, and again to expand her energies; for that transforming influence that descended on the early church is not to be compared with that 'life from the dead,' which shall establish the glory of the latter days.—*Douglas (of Cavers) on the Revival of Religion.*

'The metal and dross go both into the fire together; but the dross is consumed, and the metal refined; so it is with godly and wicked men in their sufferings.'—*Bishop Reynolds.*

A FATHER'S REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

My daughter was on a sick bed. A slight cough, a crimson flush, that occasionally appeared upon her countenance, gave indications that a hectic had already begun its work of destruction upon the vital part. Days and weeks and even months rolled away, without any visible alteration, and kept the mind suspended between hope and despair, until repeated hemorrhages from the lungs, spake emphatically that she was not long for this world. The skill of able physicians, the care and attention of tender relatives, and the advice of sympathetic friends, were resorted to; but all to no purpose. Her strength failed—her frame became emaciated, and death was depicted on her countenance.—Thus she lingered, until night-sweats commenced, a swelling of the extremities took place, and a diarrhœa followed—all combined were too powerful for her feeble frame—she died—preparations were made for her interment, and the fatal day arrived. She was conveyed to the house of God, where a discourse appropriate to the occasion was delivered to a large and serious assembly. Every one seemed anxious to press forward to see her for the last time, and express their feelings by dropping the sympathetic tear.

I stood and gazed at the lovely form once so dear to me, until the lid of the coffin fell, and hid her from my sight. I then said farewell, a long farewell my dear S***e, until we meet in a world of spirits.

The sensations produced may be imagined but not described. But there was joy intermingled with grief. Heaven seemed to shed a divine influence on all the mournful scene. Many pleasing circumstances occurred, calculated to console the mind in this trying hour. Thirteen out of twenty-three years of her short life, were devoted to the service of her Savior, nor did he forsake her, in the last trying scene. With her, all was peace and submission, not a murmur escaped her lips—patience had its perfect work—death has lost its sting, and the cold grave its horrors. Never will the scene be erased from my mind—never shall I forget her exclamation, 'Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! I soon shall praise him with immortal lungs.' Even now I can view her open those languid eyes, swimming in the shades of death turning to her mother and saying, 'Mother do not weep for me.' And to a young friend, 'M. I'm going home.'—The struggle was short; the scene was over and all was silent.

I can now fancy her standing on the frontiers of the celestial city, looking down from the lofty battlements of Heaven, waving her immortal hand and with an angelic voice, saying, 'O my father come up to Heaven!'

CONSOLATIONS OF PIETY.

How blessed and happy is your lot, my dear friend, beyond the common lot of the greater part of mankind; that you know what it is to draw near to God in prayer, and are acquainted with a Throne of Grace. You have resources in the infinite love of a dear Redeemer which are witheld from millions: and the promises of God, which are yea and amen in Jesus, are sufficient to answer all your necessities, and to sweeten the bitterest cup which your heavenly Father will ever put into your hand. May he now give you liberty to drink at these wells of salvation, till you are filled with consolation and peace in the midst of trouble! He has said, 'When thou passest through the fire I will be with thee, and when thou passest through the floods, they shall not overflow thee.' You have need of such a word as this, and he knows your need of it, and the time of necessity is the time when he will be sure to appear in behalf of those who trust in him. I bear you and yours upon my heart night and day, for I never expect to hear of distress which shall call upon me with a louder voice to pray for the sufferer. I know the Lord hears me for myself, vile and sinful as I am, and believe, and am sure that he will hear me for you also. He is the friend of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, even God in his holy habitation; in all our afflictions he is afflicted, and chastens us in mercy. Surely he will sanctify this dispensation to you, do you great and everlasting good by it, make the world appear like dust and vanity in your sight, as it truly is, and open to your view the glories of a better country, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor pain, but God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes for ever. O that comfortable word! 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;' so that our very sorrows are evidences of our calling, and he chastens us, because we are his children.—*Cowper.*

A SCENE IN OUR VILLAGE.

A stranger alighted from the eastern stage, just arrived at the little inn of our village, and from the accompanying 'haul' of trunks by the driver, indicated the intention of stopping for the night. He was young, well dressed, and with gentle though manly features, a physiognomist would have told you of a frank and generous heart there, though weighed down with some secret remorse or misfortune.

Shortly after supper, the young stranger retired to bed. I was standing in the hall door of the inn, (being a physician and a citizen of the village,) when the young man went up stairs; the glance of his restless eye struck me, as I thought it mirrored the workings of a troubled mind. In the morning he did not make his appearance at breakfast. I felt intuitively apprehensive—ran up stairs—called; but the echo in the hall answered me. I burst open the door, and the inanimate form of the young stranger lay before me. He had poisoned himself with laudanum! Upon opening his trunk to discover his relatives, if any, his family were found to be old and respectable. He was a lawyer, young and in the May-spring of life. In one of his trunks, were the letters of a kind old mother!—the warnings, the incentives to the path of virtue, the solicitudes, oh! the anxious solicitudes, the prayers for his prosperity!—and farther down, and preserved with scrupulous care, were the letters of her he loved! No mother's tears moistened the pallid cheek! no bright eye of affection cheered the agony of death!—he died and made no sign! Feelings of delicacy for that family, were they not all gone, would ever have prevented the penning of this; it is a true narrative, stripped of varnish or color.

Few knew the motives that induced that young stranger to rush wildly into the presence of his God. What was it, do you ask young man, just launched on the stream of life? It was the *bowl!* the enchanting the ruinous bowl!—the bowl, whose influence the light of education, the paternal entreaties, the mother's prayers, the burning beacons, could not drive from his lips; that caused him to leave, in a fit of remorse, his newly adopted state, where a lucrative practice ever awaited him, and rush to a far-off spot, to end a life that had made him a slave to a despicable passion.—*Philadelphia Sat. Courier.*

BLINDNESS OF MILTON.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

There lived a divine old man, whose everlasting remains we have all admired, whose memory is the pride of England and of nature. His youth was distinguished by a happier lot than perhaps genius has often enjoyed at the commencement of its career; he was enabled, by the liberality of Providence, to dedicate his soul to the cultivation of those classical accomplishments, in which almost his infancy delighted; he had attracted admiration at the period when it is most exquisitely felt; he stood forth the literary and political champion of republican England; and Europe acknowledged him the conqueror. But the storm arose; his fortune sank with the republic which he had defended; the name which future ages have consecrated was forgotten; and neglect was imbittered by remembered celebrity. Age was advancing. Health was retreating. Nature hid her face from him forever; for never more to him returned

'Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.'

What was the refuge of the deserted veteran from penury—from neglect—from infamy—from darkness? Not in a querulous and peevish despondency; not in an unmanly recantation of principles, erroneous, but unchanged; not in the tremendous renunciation of what Heaven has given, and Heaven alone should take away: but he turned from a distracted country and a voluptuous court; he turned from triumphant enemies and inefficient friends; he turned from a world, that to him was a universal blank, to the muse that sits among the cherubim, and she caught him into heaven!—The clouds that obscured his vision upon earth, instantaneously vanished before the blaze of celestial effulgence, and his eyes opened at once upon all the glories and terrors of the Almighty, the seats of eternal beatitude and bottomless perdition. What though to look upon the face of this earth was still denied? What was it to him, that one of the outcast atoms of creation was concealed from his view, when the Deity permitted the muse to unlock his mysteries, and disclose to the poet the recesses of the universe—when she bade his soul expand into its immensity, and enjoy as well its horrors as its magnificence? What was it to him that he had 'fallen upon evil days and evil tongues?' for the muse could transplant his spirit into the bowers of Eden, where the frown of fortune was disregarded, and the weight of incumbent infirmity forgotten, in the smile that beamed on primeval innocence, and the tear that was consecrated to man's first disobedience!

PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

'Edwards rose up after Calvin, and it were idle to speak his praise, while many of us are so ambitious to be called by his name. The style of thinking among our divines is so far modelled after him, that his imperfections will suggest our own. And his failing was in too exclusive a regard to one portion of our sensibilities. He seemed to live apart from many of the innocent cravings and sympathies of his race. He learned early in life the great lessons of ministerial dignity. His father, the venerable patriarch of Windsor, was fond of appearing in the full dress of a clergyman, wearing even in his parochial visits a black gown and sometimes his clerical band. President Edwards himself visited little the people of his charge, and was inclined to withdraw from promiscuous intercourse. In his singularly modest letter to the Trustees of Nassau Hall he says, 'I have a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits; often occasioning a childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence and demeanor, with a disagreeable dulness and stiffness; much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college.' He possessed a rich imagination, and might have been one of the first poets of his age, had he not chosen to be the first theologian; but he speaks disparagingly of 'elegance of language and excellency of style,' and says of some of his discourses, they were mostly written 'at a time when the circumstances of the auditory they were preached to were enough to make a minister neglect, forget and despise such ornaments as politeness and modishness of style and method.' He passed his life in a still and sequestered valley; he resigned the salutary discipline of household care to his estimable wife; when he entered his sitting room, his own children, it is said were in the habit of rising up in token of their well-merited reverence; he ate from a silver bowl, while most of his parishioners were grateful for pewter, but he ate a sparing meal and lived more like a spirit than a partaker of flesh and blood. He was indeed humble as a little child before God, but he often went forth among men, not so much like a fellow-man, as like a vice-gerent of the great law-giver. When an opponent rose up against him, he bore and pressed him down by the force of his amazing genius, and the still greater force of his honest and truth-loving temper. His reply to Dr Taylor of Norwich, is said to have contributed, in connection with other sources of mortification, to hasten the death of that eminent writer. The remarkable confessions of Major Hawley will long remain a monument of the authority which President Edwards held over the conscience and fears of the most distinguished men. When he preached it was as if one had been let down from heaven to sound one of the seven trumpets, after which seven thunders were to utter their voices. He rehearsed the threatenings of his sovereign as if he had some peculiar right, and indeed he had, to tell on whom they would fall. He stood in the pulpit with a head unmoved and a still hand, and what he had written he had written. But his hearers looked up and the tears stole down their cheeks, and they shook like aspen-leaves, and on some occasions screamed out. Dr Trumbull says, that when Mr Edwards was preaching at Enfield, 'there was such a breathing of distress and weeping, that the preacher was obliged to speak to the people and desire silence, that he might be heard.' A gentleman remarked to Dr Dwight, that when in his youth he heard Mr Edwards describe the day of judgment, he fully supposed that immediately at the close of the sermon, 'the Judge would descend and the final separation take place.' During the delivery of one of his most overwhelming discourses in the pulpit of a minister unused to such power, this minister is said to have forgotten himself so far as to pull the preacher by the coat, and try to stay the torrent of such appalling eloquence, 'Mr Edwards! Mr Edwards! is not God a merciful being,—is he not merciful?'

QUARRELS.

One of the most easy, the most common most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel—no matter with whom—man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel; the church quarrels, and the state quarrels; nations, tribes corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things and on all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his finger in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others; and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone: for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

'I know such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth:) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter.'—2 Cor. xii. 3, 4.

Mr John Holland, the day before he died, called for the Bible, saying, 'Come, oh come; death approaches, let us gather some flowers to comfort this hour.' And turning with his own hand to the 8th chapter of Romans, he gave the book to Mr Leigh, and bid him read: at the end of every verse he paused, and then gave the sense to his own comfort, but more to the joy and wonder of his friends. Having continued his meditations on the 8th of Romans, thus read to him, for two hours or more, on a sudden he said, 'O stay your reading! What brightness is this I see? Have you lighted up any candles?' Mr Leigh answered, 'No, it is the sunshine;' for it was about five o'clock in a clear summer evening. 'Sunshine!' said he, 'nay, it is my Savior's shine. Now farewell world; welcome heaven. The day-star from on high hath visited my heart. O, speak it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral; God dealeth familiarly with man. I feel his mercy; I see his majesty; whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell. God knoweth; but I see things that are unutterable.' Thus ravished in spirit he roamed towards heaven with a cheerful look, and soft, sweet voice; but what he said could not be understood.

THE WAGONER.

In the year 1710, a countryman who lived in the neighborhood of Nuremburg, and gained his livelihood by driving a wagon, was brought to a deep solicitude about the salvation of his soul. He soon found himself deeply affected with the condition of impenitent people around him, and resolved to do all that lay in his power to benefit them. He was particularly anxious to save from ruin some of the ignorant youths wherewith the country abounded, and to put them in a way to receive instruction. As the result of many thoughts on this subject, he formed the plan of building a house for their reception, and appointing a master to regulate their life and manners. But finding himself altogether destitute of the necessary means for such an enterprise, he immediately sold his wagon and horses in order to enter upon his work. Many laughed at the poor man's enterprise, and others maliciously opposed it. But he went forward with unwearied application, pursuing his work, and relying on the power and goodness of God, to make his offering the nucleus of other benefactions. He was successful. After various hindrances and obstacles, through which he made his way without wavering, he raised a suitable building, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a refuge established, with an able master, and twenty pupils, who were duly provided with food and clothing by the charitable contributions of such persons as the overruling power of God disposed to patronize this good work.

WE DIE ALONE.—'We die alone. If we had not lived in solitary communion with God, we shall start at finding ourselves in the solemn silence of death, about to launch forward where no friends, no ordinances, can accompany us.'—*Rev. H. Martyn.*

'There is nothing easier than to persuade men well of themselves. When a man's self-love meets with another's flattery, it is a high praise that will not be believed.'—*Bishop Hall.*

RELIGION ENHANCES EVERY ENJOYMENT.—We may see how completely religion is adapted to the nature of man, by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting,) which this world contains, are never fully tasted but by religious persons. Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect, and the imagination, are never received in their fulness but by them; and why? because they are the germs of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them. In a worldly mind, like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist, indeed, but with a blighted existence; but how degenerate is the production! Every thing that wants religion wants vitality. Philosophy without religion is crippled and impotent; poetry without religion has no heart-stirring powers; life without religion is a complex and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses never proceed so far towards perfection, as when employed on religious subjects. Religion, then, can be no obstacle to enjoyment, since the only sources of it which are confessedly pure, are all enhanced by its possession. Even in the ordinary commerce with the world, what a blessing awaits an exemption from the low and sordid spirit, the petty passions and paltry feelings which abound in it!

THE GARDEN AN INDEX OF THE MIND.

Some old sage writer has said that if you desire to judge correctly of the character of a man's mind *go into his garden*, and observe how much order or disorder, how much neatness or negligence appears there. We suspect there is more in this as a test of a man's mental character than there is in phrenology or physiognomy. Solomon said, 'I went by the field of the *slothful* and by the vineyard of the man *void of understanding*, and lo, it was grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' Such was the phrenology of Solomon's time. He considered a slovenly vineyard, or garden, good evidence of a slovenly mind, or a mind void of understanding.

You may depend upon it when you see a man's fields and gardens laid out with good order and taste, and notice the neatness of its cultivation, that that man's mind is like a well arranged library—every class of books has its general department, and every book its appropriate place within that department. So with the mental library room—the brain. A good garden is an evidence that all his knowledge is reduced to system, and is readily at command. His head is not full of cobwebs, but is as neat as a parlor swept and garnished. The external will generally correspond with the internal. A man's plans will appear in his operations. His theory may be judged by his practice. The tree is known by its fruits. It is on these universally conceded principles that the order and taste which prevail in a garden are to be regarded as an evidence of the condition of the garden of the mind. He who contrives to produce much fruit by cultivating the earth, may be expected to be a valuable man in the community, by the fruits of his judgment, counsel and philanthropy. If he allows no noxious weeds to choke the valuable plants, equally careful may he be presumed to be that no bad principles are allowed to obtain an ascendancy over the virtuous sentiments of his soul. Such men may generally be trusted; and if the test we suggested were adopted as a rule for selecting citizens as magistrates and rulers, there can be little doubt that we should have better order in government, and less of the confusion of party strife than we have now. Too many of our moral and political vineyards are grown over with thorns, and the defences of virtue and patriotism are like stone walls broken down. In the general rush and scramble for the fruits of office, the plants and trees are too often ill treated, bruised, trodden down, and well nigh destroyed. A good cultivator does not cultivate any thing in this slovenly style.—*Maine Farmer.*

EXECUTION OF AN OLD SENTENCE.

We remember reading in America 'The Trial of Alcohol,' written by a celebrated barrister, and the sentence which was pronounced by his honor Chief Justice *Candor*. But we never heard of the execution of that sentence until lately, when it took place on the beach at Little Bassa, within the territorial limits of the commonwealth of Liberia. Governor Buchanan finding this old offender, this outlaw, secreted in the Slave's factory, within about *twenty-one* well bound hogsheads, proceeded to inflict upon this universal foe to the human family that condign punishment so richly merited. In presence of a large concourse, assembled to witness the execution, these twenty-one hogsheads were singly and and severally rolled to the beach, there, by the hands of several executioners, their bungs were unstopped, *their heads taken off*, and the malefactor poured out into the waters of the Atlantic until he was thoroughly drowned. May all his kindred spirits meet the same awful fate!—*African Luminary.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE BOY'S TALISMAN.

Allow me to draw the attention of your readers to a little book designed for young persons, which has just been published. Its title is 'The Boy's Talisman.' Its external appearance is worthy of its internal merits and reflects credit and praise upon the publisher. This is more than can be said of many books which are now hastily thrown from the press for the young. The story is related in an easy and interesting style, well calculated to please and instruct. But its higher value is found in the principle of conduct exemplified; the principle of filial trust and obedience; and also in the truth it aims to exhibit, that affection for a worthy object, whether it be a parent, or a friend, is a talisman which has preserved many a noble youth from the dangers of temptation. It appeals to the natural, deep seated affection of every child toward a fond, faithful mother—an affectionate experience of every one, except those perhaps who have been 'dragged up' to manhood and have not known a mother's affection and self-sacrifice.

The cultivation of *affection for a worthy object*, is the more important, since it may go with every one through life; it may be as strong in manhood, as it is beautiful and efficient in childhood. Affection for a mother, who shall limit to youth? who will say it is powerless in mature years, when so many of our state criminals confess that the recollection of a mother has brought them to a sense of their degradation—and readily acknowledged that if they had but remembered and obeyed a mother's voice, they should not have experienced the hard ways of a transgressor?

It becomes therefore a very important principle to be cultivated and strengthened in the young, since it may operate, as a safeguard, so long and so universally. The writer of this little work aims to set forth the principle of filial trust, and the power of affection for that most worthy object, viz. a mother, in the conduct of Frank Courtland, who is sent from home and parental influence to enjoy the privileges, and meet the temptations, of a distant boarding school. His mother, as the last act of a fond, anxious mother, places in his trunk just before his departure, what shall be as a talisman to preserve her son from moral harm, and enjoins upon him to look at it every night, assuring him, 'if you can regard it with pleasure, you have nothing to fear; but if otherwise, attend to its admonitions.' Frank finds this talisman effectual, and becomes distinguished for his moral character, and for his influence on his companions, especially on one of the most talented but mischievous in the school. During this time are exhibited by the writer more than once the struggle between the higher and lower nature, between conscience and temptation, and the way of the transgressor, even the young transgressor, is hard. The reader especially if a parent, as well as teacher, must be anxious to know, what is the talisman—what is that something which one of Frank's companions declares, 'he has to help him to do right.' It must be indeed 'a valuable possession,' not only in school, but every where, in the wide world. The talisman is none other than that which every one may have—if not engraved on stone or preserved on ivory, yet perpetually engraved on the heart's tablet. Every time that the eye or memory rests upon it, the heart warms with filial trust, and a holy purpose to do right. I forbear to reveal the Talisman, lest the interest of the readers of this book should be abated. The book will be an appropriate Christmas, or New Year's Gift, especially for boys. It will be a valuable addition to the libraries of our Sunday Schools.

E.

For the Register and Observer.

DEDICATION.

The New Church, lately erected by the First Congregational Society in Medford was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Wednesday, the 4th inst. The exercises of this occasion were introduced with prayer by Rev. N. Hall of Dorchester: Selections from Scripture were read by Rev. Edward B. Hall, of Providence: The Prayer of Consecration was offered by Rev. Dr Francis of Watertown: The Sermon was preached by the Pastor of the Church, Rev. C. Stetson, from 1 Cor. iii 16. '*Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God? and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?*'—in which, with great felicity and soundness of thought were exhibited the good influences of public worship upon society at large; as the symbol and defence of religion; as cherishing the highest social virtues by showing in the union of all classes their mutual dependance; and lastly, as the individual and public expression of the great sentiment of reverence. The Concluding Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr Frothingham of this city.

Two original Hymns, written, the one by Rev. Wm. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, the other by Rev. Mr Hall, of Dorchester were sung with skill and effect, as were also other pieces by the choir of the Society,

All the services of this occasion were in a high degree appropriate, and gratifying to a numerous and deeply attentive assembly. It was an interesting circumstance connected with it, that of the gentlemen officiating, or whose names appeared in the order of the services, four belonged to that ancient town, which numbers among its sons an unusual proportion of clergymen, some of whom were not present.

We cannot omit, also, even in this brief notice, that during the erection of their new edifice, the society were very kindly accommodated in the Second Congregational (Orthodox) Church; whose members changed their own hours of worship, and consequently subjected themselves to inconvenience, for the sake of their neighbors and brethren.

We love to record, and would keep in grateful remembrance, such instances of Christian courtesy, in Churches of differing faith. We rejoice to perceive that they are multiplying among us, for we welcome them as among the choice fruits of pure and undefiled religion.

The following are the Original Hymns to which we referred.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

This house that we have builded, Lord,
We yield it unto thee:
Come, and thy glorious name record—
Thou, who art purity!

Our ready offering we surround,
And lift our eyes above:
Now, let accepting grace be found—
Thou, who art also, love!

O, ever, here, may waiting hearts
Receive the quickening fire;
May all of hope thy word imparts,
Each worshipper inspire.

Here be the world's attractions dim,
Its gold appear but dross,
While kneeling faith contemplates Him
Who hung upon the cross.

Here may His cross its wonders prove;—
The slumbering spirit stir,
The burden and the fear remove,
And bring the comforter;

Impart a new and conquering strength
To every noble aim;
And make the spirit one, at length,
With Him from whom it came.

And thus, again, to Him supreme,
Long-hallowed spot! thou'rt given;
Thus, while the stars above thee beam,
Be thou the gate of heaven!

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

To the High and Holy One—
To His Spirit, to His Son,
To the sacred hope of heaven,
Through our Lord and Savior given,

To the truth that makes us free,
To the Light that leads to Thee,
We this temple dedicate,
And Thy blessing, Lord, await.

Canst Thou be approached by men?
Angels and archangels, when
God his brightness on them sheds,
Veil their faces, bow their heads.

Yet, we know, O God, Thou art
Present in the lowly heart;
There will He descend and reign,
Whom the Heavens cannot contain.

In our hearts Thy temple rear;
Let that glory there appear.
Which shall cause this place to shine
With a beauty all divine.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Chicago, Aug 12th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—As you are probably aware, intercourse between this place, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo is frequent and direct, there being not only the common lake craft—sloops and schooners—but seven or eight steamers plying constantly. Of these, the Illinois seems to be the favorite; and next perhaps the Great Western. These boats have given each a pleasure excursion to the citizens of Chicago; the latter of which I was here to enjoy. The greatest delight seemed to fill all hearts, as the boat rounded the pier, and gained the open lake—or, shall I call it, sea? I made some acquaintances, on that occasion, which I shall value as long as I live. There was music in the cabin, and dancing. Joy and kindness were radiated from the honest face of the weather-beaten captain; and reflected back to him from the company. Cake and wine completed the entertainment. There is some sickness in town, but far more in the country round; especially on the route of the canal. I have been informed, upon authority entitled to credit, that last year one half of all the Irish laborers on that work perished of fever! and the mortality is scarcely less, the present year. The fever is of the *congestive* form; the powers of life are overwhelmed, from the first, with the most urgent symptoms, and the sufferer sinks in two or three days. And here I take pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the devotedness of the Catholic priest stationed here, who is riding night and day to minister to the sick and the dying, though himself far from being in good health. I believe this is always the case with the Catholic clergy. They are brave soldiers; I have never found them retreating before contagion and death.

This town is surrounded on three sides by a *wet* prairie; but the prairies of Illinois are generally dry, being, in fact, the most elevated portion of the country. For this reason, they are healthful; and would emigrants abandon the river-bottoms, and build upon the prairie, we should hear no complaint of the sickliness of the western climate. The *moral* sickness, however,—the *religious* destitution—of the western people is most to be deplored.

I wish I could say something by way of commending to the favorable regards of eastern Unitarians, our friends here, who, having been formerly situated in Unitarian communities, have wandered westward in pursuit of the bubble fortune, and now find themselves situated without either sanctuary or minister; and who, dissatisfied with the gloomy and sterile theology of churches around them, 'hunger and thirst' after that truth, which lies in our theology alone; and which we alone have power to send to them.

I am perfectly aware, that there are those who are principled against giving away money, for the purpose of building *churches*, though they may be willing to give, to support *preachers* in the very same places. But the idea of aiding indigent societies in building churches is by no means a novel one. Did not the Unitarian churches of Providence and New Bedford some years ago aid their sister of Fall River in clearing out a debt, incurred by building? Several thousand dollars were raised, a few years since, also, for the Unitarian church at St. Louis. And really, economy in planning and building being supposed, we are not sure, but of the two objects—erecting a church or furnishing occasional preaching—the former is by far the more important. The *house* of prayer is permanent; but preaching is fugitive. If a church do not stand as a pledge that religious services will be *maintained* therein, at least it holds out a constant invitation both to ministers and hearers to come to worship; whereas, on the other hand, the voice of the passing Evangelist soon dies upon the ear; and what is sown in this manner too often perishes, like 'seed scattered by the way-side. We admit, however, that it is incumbent upon those who apply for aid of this kind, to make out a strong case. They ought to show that it is not a mere speculation, nor in order to make a western village attractive to emigrants. They ought to show, either that there is no church whatever in the place; or, that the applicants do not stand upon equal ground with other churches around them: they ought to show that they have organized a church in Gospel order; and that they intend to build upon a plan of neatness and convenience, without extravagance. If they can show this, we do not see why they are not entitled to charitable aid.

What matters it whether in places like Hillsboro' and Quincy, in Illinois, where there are a number of our faith, and nearly sufficient wealth to sustain pastors of their own—we assist them to build houses of worship, whilst they undertake to maintain the services of the sanctuary; or, whether we aid in maintaining their ministry, while they undertake to build a church? The principle upon which we proceed in either case is clear and satisfactory—namely, to extend our aid to such and only such churches, as are able and willing to help themselves. Let us place ourselves in their situation. Suppose that instead of assembling in our commodious churches, with all the hallowed associations that come from their having been set apart from secular, for religious uses alone, we were obliged to meet sometimes in an apartment of a tavern, subject to the interruption of the coming or departing guest; at other times in a small, uncomfortable room in a private dwelling; and again in an unfinished public hall, a court-house, or a school-house, without any certain habitation for the ark of God, what probability is there, that even with the ablest ministration at the altar, we should not soon 'forsake the assembling of ourselves together?' Could we reasonably expect a society to be increased, or a church edified, under circumstances so unfavorable;—especially in the West, where our denomination already suffers under the suspicion of laxness, as respects keeping up religious forms. On this account, we cannot be too careful to carry out into practice our real convictions of duty and propriety, in regard to maintaining the solemnities of religion; and somewhat punctiliously preserving those associations, which come from the dedicated sanctuary and holy rites, in giving expression of religious feeling. Now, those who go out from the elder homes of our land to the advanced posts of civilization carry along with them—at least, many do—their early prepossessions in favor of religious accustomed rites of temple and altar; whilst those, too, that have *always* lived in the West, and have grown up without any partiality for our particular views, feel a natural unwillingness to mingle in worship that is divested of those things which, (as it seems to them) should accompany it; and without which, minister and sacrament lose much of their legitimate influence. We appeal to the experience of all Evangelists when we say, that the importance of having regularly consecrated places of worship for our newly gathered churches in the West, can hardly be overrated. Every where our cause suffers detriment, for want of sanctuaries of our own; and it scarcely admits of a doubt, that in places where our friends are considerably numerous, and where there will ultimately be permanent churches, not only the magnitude of the present evil, but common prudence in fostering future growth imperatively calls for a strong effort to procure the erection of churches without delay. We do not mean costly cathedrals decorated with the works of art; but neat, commodious chapels, of a size adapted to probable increase, and dedicated to the specific purpose of rendering public religious homage to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and through him our Father.

There is one reason for activity in the cause of Western Missions of peculiar force; which is, the yet unformed, but rapidly forming state of society there. The comparative facility, with which a church of almost any denomination may be formed, and the rapidity with which it shall gather numbers, strength and influence, where the ground is quite unoccupied, cannot well be understood by the mutually jealous and rival religionists of the older states. And even in those western villages where there exist two or three churches of diverse creeds, *that* is almost certain to gain the most adherents, and to take the lead, which has the ablest minister, the most regular services, and the most convenient and tasteful house of worship. Once furnished with a church and a resident preacher, there is little difficulty in filling it with such as will both adorn the doctrine and support the ministry. The Catholics understand this, and act accordingly. The first thing they do, when they commence operations in a western village or city is, to erect a plain chapel. The same thing is done by the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians; and it is in vain for us to attempt to establish societies by the side of theirs, unless we are able to place ourselves upon an equal footing with them, in this respect. There is hardly a village in middle and southern Illinois containing five hundred inhabitants, where there is not a church of some sort, belonging to one or another of these denominations; and in very many, even of less size, there are two or three. How, then, can we hope to stand by the side of them, unless we are likewise furnished with churches? In Alton, Quincy, Chicago and Hillsboro', the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist and Baptist societies have churches of their own; but the Unitarians have none. In Quincy and Hillsboro', however, our friends feel themselves able to sustain pastors, from this time forward, if we will aid them to build such churches as shall answer their present wants. They feel assured, that the prospects of their several towns, in regard to future growth, and the acceptance with which our views of Christian doctrine are generally received by their fellow-citizens, would justify such expectations, and abundantly enable them to redeem such a pledge.

(*To be Continued.*)

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Dec. 6th, 1839.

If there is any such thing as smoothing the path of learning so effectually, that the wayfarer shall no longer be able to maintain his erect position, but shall slip and slide in his fancied progress, I am afraid that we are thus smoothing it for the young, of the present age. It is difficult to decide whether it is better to stumble over obstructions, or to be whirled heedlessly over the polished ice; but experience in the first case, is certainly far more useful, and effective, than experience in the second. Science and literature are at present enthralled by childhood, and a knowledge of the most important principles, the most abstract theories, is conveyed so readily and so pleasantly to the juvenile mind, that there is much reason to fear that it does not rest upon very secure foundations, that it will not be long retained. A problem in Euclid is remembered long after an Arabian tale is forgotten, for its acquisition requires ten times the labor, and that which is gained with difficulty, will be preserved with care. As it is, the soundest moral doctrines, the most puzzling enigmas of nature and art, are presented to the minds of children, in the guise of entertaining tales—wrapt up in stories of such powerful interest, that their *importance* is lost sight of in careful consideration of their attractions. This objection extends not only to the literature now offered to the perusal of our juvenile readers, but to the addresses, delivered in our Sabbath Schools,—the modes of instruction adopted by teachers in their respective classes, and to our very first communications with infant intellects, in which they are taught to spell their a-b, abs, with pictured cards. The disadvantages of this system of things are not fully perceived until it becomes necessary to instruct children in something which cannot be made easy or fascinating, and their sulky lips, unwilling minds, and a declaration that the instructor is stupid, tiresome, and unfitted for his task, are but the certain consequences of our folly. The child that has been fed upon tarts and sweetmeats, will not of his own accord return to bread and milk, and for this, we cannot blame him, however much we may censure his parents. Tarts and sweetmeats may be very good in their place, but who will venture to assert that they furnish either suitable or sufficient nutriment to the body? It is thus, with the excellent and entertaining literature, now provided for the young, by some of our most talented authors—it gratefully relieves the wearied, the exhausted faculties of the child, after laborious study, but of this, it should never, I think, be allowed to take the place. Do we ever value aright the treasure which is lavishly poured out at our feet? The gamester who hovers over the 'rouge et noir' tables at Frescati's wantonly engages in new hazard, the thousands which have been swept, as by a miracle, from the board into his pocket—and it is not till friends have proved unkind, till love itself has turned traitor, that one values as he ought, the sympathy and affection, which when freely offered, were scornfully rejected. Are mental acquisitions then, to be considered only as exceptions, which prove the rule? 'It is the cracking of the nut shell, which lends the flavor to the kernel,' says an old English writer, 'and it is the seeking of the violet which so greatly enhances its perfume.' Be this as it may, can it be reasonably supposed that the child will apply or value the instruction which it requires no mental effort on his part to grasp, as he will that, which wakes up his mind, and makes it act for itself? The order of our day, is diffusion—if one wishes to get a tolerable idea of a system of philosophy, or a principle in science, he is obliged to read a dozen volumes to glean for himself, that which, if he will go back to the great fountains of learning and experience, he will find concondensed upon a single page. And all this is the effect of the sudden increase and development of our many means of education. Compare our literature with that of the seventeenth century—it is flimsy, superficial, flowery, not the solid metal, but the leaf which with patient labor, the artisan has prepared for ostentatious exhibition. When books were fewer, men wrote less for temporary renown, than eternal fame, and read less to wile away a weary hour, than to compare, reflect, and decide for themselves, upon the nature of the hidden regulators of the material and spiritual universe, while thought and experience were busy in their breasts. Then, they held slight converse with other minds, and the more with their own, now, they adopt the opinions of other men, because they have not wherewithal to form them for themselves. Modern writers give slight evidence, as a mass, of untiring reflection, profound learning or uncommon sagacity, nay, if they are willing to submit to the guidance of common sense, and do not fly off in a tangent, to the still beginning, never ending line of fact, we may regard ourselves as highly favored. There must be some cause for this, and as it seems generally admitted that we seldom prize the opportunities we have always at command, it is but fair to presume that while the gate way to Science is set open, men will neglect to pass through it. Not that I would have it locked, but I would have men open it for themselves. Close, persevering habits of study too, are allowed to be of the greatest advantage to an individual, yet how these are to be formed in the flood of entertaining instruction, appears to be somewhat doubtful.—Logic and Mathematics will in a short time, be the only resources of active and curious minds. Children should be interested in religion, and in the acquirements of useful knowledge for its own sake; when they are not so, teachers are obliged to attract, to fascinate their minds by the favorable light in which they present these subjects—and this object once gained, the faculties once interested, is it not better to sustain the interest, by sustaining the activities of the mind, than by still holding out to it, these fascinations? If the great truths of Christianity are to be prized only as they best point a moral, or adorn a tale, I would rather they should not be prized at all. If the result of our labors, be to prove, that children will listen to nothing but stories, then our hours have been worse than wasted,—they have been employed to the positive injury of those we meant to serve. Our stories will be remembered when the principle which we meant to inculcate, the particular bearing which they have upon the children's daily practice is forgotten, while their minds will require at all times, that exertion for their amusement, which was at first intended for their unusual recreation—the sign and not the thing signified will be valued. Our Savior's parables have been frequently brought forward in support of the opposing argument—but independently of their being spoken to a people whose very salutation in the street is of itself a parable—each of those preserved to us in Scriptuie, has an extended meaning, a something left untold, about which the activity of the intellect may be exercised, and which in some instances, has continued a matter of speculation even to the present day! In the instruction, which is given to children, even were the cases in other respects parallel, this something does not exist. There is nothing in it, to excite any mental faculty, curiosity excepted. Their brains become passive receptacles into which and out of which, ideas may be turned at one's pleasure; they lose their retentive power, and acquire in return, only a sickly fastidiousness.

C. W. H.

We see, by the Boston papers, that there is to be published a new edition of Sermons by the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster. We did not see the first edition, and therefore cannot speak of the exact merits of the volumes; but perhaps we heard them preached, though the gifted author of them ceased from his labors thirty years ago. We have a distinct remembrance of his powers of pulpit eloquence—no action—no effort at points—no attempt at surprising by sudden bursts. The thin, attenuated form of the wonderful man rose slowly in the pulpit to the sight of the audience, and a voice, *growing* audible, commenced the discourse. The subject arrested attention, and seemed to brighten the countenance of the speaker; as he proceeded, he seemed to lose consideration of his feeble frame, and to be carried off with his own mighty conceptions, as the congregation were wrapt in his wonderful thoughts, most wonderfully and winningly expressed. At length the effort appeared to exhaust his strength; gathering up the cushion of the pulpit, upon which he bolstered his suffering breast, he seemed to send forth the breathings of an inspiration whose Great Author was his theme. That such a man should die early, as we reckon years, is not strange; how can the tabernacle of flesh retain that glory that is fit for heaven?—*United States Gazette.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

MR NORTON'S DISCOURSE.

We have spoken of the moral evidence in favor of the divine origin of Christianity. We have conceded to it much force. We now observe that its force, however great it may be deemed, depends, almost wholly on certain moral conditions, at which only a small portion of any community have yet arrived. To base therefore its peculiar claims on this species of evidence, is the removal of its authority from the vast majority of men. It is placing it in a position they cannot comprehend—*these* signatures of divinity they cannot see—*these* demonstrations of the spirit and presence of God they cannot appreciate. Christianity was designed not for a few but for all—not chiefly for those whose moral nature has become, through much culture, quick, sensitive and refined—but for those who are cold and dead in trespasses and selfishness. How preposterous then for its friends and defenders to make light of those facts, which alone can arrest *their* attention, awaken their slumbering sensibilities, and lay a hand of power on their fierce impulses and passions? It is striking at the corner stone of the temple—at the root of life's tree. Without them Christianity can no longer arouse those that are in their graves, raise the dead and preach to spirits in prison. She may continue to converse loftily with the enlightened and refined. But she cannot address the vicious and ignorant in language they can understand. She might still be seen, clothed in much grace and dignity in our parlors and saloons. But into the dusty, sordid, reeking high ways of life she would not venture and would be utterly inefficient if she did. She might still excite abundant emotion in soft and tender bosoms. But the hearts of the proud, oppressive, malignant, she could not touch. The mighty energies with which she was to fight against principalities and powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world, have departed. She has become the pet and pride of a class, but is no longer the guide, the supporter, the master of the multitude. Was this species of evidence much talked about during the dark ages? Was it insisted on by those primitive preachers, who carried Christianity into the wilds of Gaul, and the shores of Britain? Did it ever dethrone a tyrant or convert a nation? Did it ever break the chains of oppression, or make wicked monarchs tremble? Did it ever plant the cross on the burning sands of Africa, or the banks of barbarous streams? Did it sustain our fathers as they left their homes, amid the storms of strange seas, and the perils of these savage coasts? Are not miracles, the unequivocal works of God, the source of this confidence and power? Of course we are not denying that the moral evidence has been felt and expressed by Christian writers of all ages. It was perceived just in proportion to *their advancement in the christian life.* The question is what has induced men to embrace Christianity? What has been the *origin* of its power, progress and triumphs? Would Peter and John have left all and endured all things, and at last martyrdom if Jesus had not wrought miracles? Has not the force of this moral evidence risen and gained on the moral culture and refinement of modern times? We have not the least doubt that when men shall become thoroughly emancipated, regenerated, pure and spiritual they will perceive directly the divinity of Christ and his religion. As the light within is kindled up and developed they will behold the glory of God in his face, words, teachings, love, tears and blood, in every feature and attribute of his character. *The pure in heart see God.* There is a spiritual influence breathing from all things, objects and scenes. For the holy spirit is on all, works through all, emanates from all. The pure in heart see this divineness in all that is fair, serene, beneficent, sublime, in the frail flowers and the everlasting stars, in the morning light, in evening's calm shade and gentle skies. But most do they see it in Jesus, in his life, language, meekness, fortitude, struggles, magnanimity, tenderness, faith, death. While looking upon him, they are *conscious*, that they see God. They are profoundly convinced that a mere earthly being, could not fill, flood the soul, with so sweet, so pure, so harmonious, so sublime emotions. When receiving Jesus they are certain they receive God. While leaning their wearied, sick heads on his bosom they are certain it is the bosom of God. But are the hearts of most men sufficiently pure for this experiance? Are they not sadly stained by that hundred-headed God, the world? Is not the trail of the serpent over them? Have not sensual passions hardened and debased them? Has not the God of this world blinded their eyes so that they cannot perceive the *moral* glory of Jesus? Are the beauty and greatness of the higher, moral qualities *generally* felt and recognized? Is meekness generally reverenced? Are not the fire-tempered more admired? Do not ambition and courage, pride and talents win the applauses of mankind? Do the gentle and humble inherit the earth—do they sit on spiritual thrones? Why is Washington, in the common estimation, a great man? Is it not because he was brave and successful in war and thus secured the independence of his country? How many are capable of appreciating those sublime and harmonious attributes of character, which exalt him so *infinitely* above ordinary men, and before which a few bow in profoundest veneration? It is the same and in greater degree with Jesus. The *divine* loveliness and greatness of his character are not recognized and felt by the larger portion of people, the vain, the worldly, the selfish and the sensual. It will not do therefore to rest his claim to a *peculiar* authority on his virtues. It must be based on his works. The perception of the force of that evidence depends on the purity and elevation of the character. While there is darkness within it *cannot* be perceived. And it is only in proportion as the inner light of humanity is developed that the moral divineness of Jesus rises upon the mind. To make little therefore of the physical evidence is pernicious, dangerous. It is breaking down the only bridge over which Jesus can pass into the hearts of millions. It is quenching the only beacon fire that can guide multitudes into the haven of eternal truth. These things are spiritually discerned. And till people become spiritual they cannot discern them. Till much of the spirit of Christ is within them they cannot clearly perceive that God *dwelt* in him and he in God.

JUST SENTIMENTS.

The following passage is taken from the Pastoral Letter of the general Association of Massachusetts to the churches under their care. The sentiments are admirable, precisely such as we have been laboring to diffuse through the community. Their truth and liberality do honor to the body from which they emanated. Could they be established in the hearts and reign in the lives of Christians, then peace and good will would fill and possess the churches—the dark banners of contention would be furled—all would be one—the world would believe and Jesus would be glorified. We must judge people by their fruits—not by their peculiar experiences, professions, opinions, creeds. If the fruit be good we have *no right* to suspect the character of the tree. If the streams be gentle, sweet, pure and beneficent, we do wrong to question the holiness of the fountain. If a man lives like a Christian we ought not to doubt Christ is formed in his heart. This is all we ask. We claim to be considered Christians no farther than we live as becomes Christians. We refuse to give account, to any earthly tribunal of the results, to which we have arrived in the exercise of our sacred right of private judgment. The liberty with which precious blood has made us free we will not, for one moment, resign. We *dare* not suffer the shadow of human authority to pass, in blighting influence, over our souls. Jesus is our Master—of him will we learn, with unfettered minds. We cannot prove traitors to his divine authority. We dare not go to him with our thoughts, charmed and bound by man's incantations and devices. We *dare* not lay upon his altars stained and mutilated offerings. He would spurn them with just indignation and drive us from his temples. Our opinions may be wrong—but they shall be honest—and *that* is the important thing. Where there is no servitude and no guile, error cannot do *much* harm. It could not flourish in such a soil. It would soon wither and die for want of nurture and genial influences. But where there is lack of perfect freedom and fearless independence, where there is a little insincerity or false dealing with one's self, truth cannot do much good. The plants even which the Father hath planted, in such a pernicious soil, will be sickly and unproductive. Our lives are proper subjects of judgment. But our faith we will have to ourselves before God. We will not expose, to the rude gaze of others, the sanctities of our spirits—nor detail the opinions into which the divine Teacher has led us, at the bidding of man—nor hold ourselves accountable to any tribunal except that before which we shall meet our final Judge.

But if a course of holy obedience is all that is needed, why question us, brethren, in regard to our opinions? why drive us from your communion tables because we cannot adopt your interpretations of scripture? why trouble us with your creeds in any way? why speak to us of Calvin? If you reject our claims put it on the right ground. But as many of us as live like Christians, and surely you will acknowledge there are some among us that do, receive as Christians. Our doctrines *may not* be so good and true as yours we allow. But if so it is our misfortune, not our fault. They are at least as sincere. If we were not *profoundly* sincere we should keep along in the old, beaten, easy paths, in the popular currents, under the protecting shield and the guiding cloud of Orthodoxy. Will you then abuse and punish us because we will obey the voice of God in our souls?

But t is time to give the passage.

Most plain it is, that if a man is going along in the course of holy obedience, he is a Christian. Equally plain too it is, that whatever may have been his experience, and whatever be his exercises and hopes, if he is not advancing in this course, he has no good claim to being called a Christian. If he is not becoming more and more holy, let him be doing what else he may, he is doing it wrongly. On this point we are brought at once to these conclusions. That is not religion, it should not be called religion, the influence of which does not go to make a man holy in all his walks and conversation. Whatever exercises he engage in, if they do not tend to unite us more closely to Christ, are vain and delusive. Whatever views we entertain, that are a hinderance to our earnest striving after more and more holiness of character, are unscriptural and visionary; and the brightest hopes we may indulge, which are not based on the fact, the well attested fact, that we are growing into a conformity to the divine likeness, are no better than the spider's web.

It is because so many Christians are so much of their time doing that which has not this holy tendency, that their peace is disturbed, that the Holy Spirit is not eventually with them, and that difficulties of one kind and another spring up to perplex and

discourage. The painful fact must be admitted that in many of their religious exercises, the meetings they attend, in the prayers they offer, and in the interest they manifest in the cause of Christ, they are not becoming more free from every sinful influence. They fail to exhibit before God and the world, a simple, pure copy of Christ's example. That which they carry about is no more like the divine original now, than it was when they first presented it to the view of men. Nay, instead of polishing, they have defiled it. It is impure, dark, unnatural, and in no respect suitable to be called a likeness of that which Christ has set before them, and which they profess carefully to imitate.

SPINOZA.

Among the modern innovators in Metaphysics, we must not omit to mention the well known name of *Spinoza*; a philosopher, who had the impious temerity to advance a new theory of nature destructive of all religion, which he pretended to establish by geometric demonstration.

Benedict de Spinoza, born at Amsterdam in 1632, was a Jew by descent and education; but very early discovered such dissatisfaction with the religion of his fathers, and advanced opinions so contrary to their established tenets, that a sentence of *anathema* was pronounced upon him by his brethren. Excommunicated from the synagogue, certain Christians, who were personally attached to him, granted him an asylum, and afforded him an opportunity of acquiring the knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and studying the Cartesian philosophy. The vehemence with which he continued to attack the religion of his countrymen alarmed and terrified them; and they attempted, first to bribe him to silence, by offering him an annual pension of a thousand florins, and afterwards to take him off by assassination. Both these measures proving ineffectual, they accused him before the magistrate of apostacy and blasphemy; and he was banished from the city.

In his exile, Spinoza studied mathematics and natural philosophy, and supported himself by the mechanical art of polishing optical glasses. His chief residence was at Rhenburg, where he was often visited by followers of Des Cartes, who came to consult him on difficult questions. At their request, he published, in 1664, 'The Principles of the Cartesian Philosophy demonstrated geometrically,' with an Appendix, in which he advanced metaphysical opinions wholly inconsistent with the doctrine of Des Cartes. To escape the odium which this publication drew upon him, he retired to a village not far from the Hague. Thither he was followed by many persons, both countrymen and foreigners, who were inclined to espouse his doctrines.

He was even invited by the Elector Palatine to fill the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg; but, from an apprehension that his liberty would in that situation be abridged, he declined the proposal. He lived in retirement with great sobriety and decency of manners, till a consumption brought him to an early end, in 1667.

Spinoza, in his life time, published, besides the work already mentioned, *Tractatum theologico politicum*, 'A Treatise theological and political.' His 'Posthumous Works,' contain five treatises. 1. Ethics demonstrated geometrically. 2. Politics. 3. On the Improvement of the Understanding. 4. Epistles and Answers. 5. A Hebrew Grammar. The impieties contained in these treatises excited general indignation; and refutations were sent forth from various quarters, by writers of all religious persuasions, in which the empty sophisms, the equivocal definitions, the false reasonings, and all the absurdities of the writings of Spinoza, are fully exposed. The sum of his doctrine is this:

The essence of substance is, to exist. There is in nature only one substance, with two modifications, thought and extension. This substance is infinitely diversified, having within its own essence the necessary causes of the changes through which it passes. No substance can be supposed to produce or create another: therefore, besides the substance of the universe there can be no other; but all things are comprehended in it, and are modes of this substance, either thinking or extended.

This one universal substance, Spinoza calls God, and ascribes to it Divine attributes. He expressly asserts, that God is the immanent not the transitive cause of all things. His doctrine is, therefore, not to be confounded with that of those ancient philosophers, who held God to be 'The Universal Whole;' for according to them, the visible and intellectual worlds are produced by *emanation* from the eternal fountain of divinity; that is, by an expanding or unfolding of the Divine Nature, which was the effect of intelligence and design; whereas, in the system of Spinoza, all things are *immanent*, and necessary modifications of one universal substance, which, *to conceal his atheism* he calls God. Nor can Spinozism be with any propriety derived, as some have imagined, from the Cartesian philosophy; for, in that system, two distinct substances are supposed; and the existence of Deity is a fundamental principle.

It may seem very surprising, that a man who certainly was not destitute of discernment, abilities, and learning, should have fallen into such impieties. And this could not have happened, had he not confounded his conceptions with subtle and futile distinctions concerning the nature of substance, essence, and existence, and neglected to attend to the obvious, but irrefragable argument for the existence of God, arising from the appearances of intelligence and design in all the productions of nature.

The impious system of Spinoza was maintained with so much ingenuity, that it found many patrons in the United Provinces, among whom were Lewis Meyer, who republished Spinoza's Works, and himself wrote a work entitled, 'Philosophy the Interpreter of Scripture:' and Van Leenhof, an ecclesiastic of Zwoll, who wrote a piece entitled, 'Heaven in Earth,' of the doctrine of which he was obliged to make a public recantation. Others, under the pretence of refuting Spinoza, secretly favored his system. But against the poison of their impious tenets sufficient antidotes were soon provided by many able defenders of religion, whose writings are well known, particularly in Cudworth's 'Intellectual System,' the professed object of which is, the refutation of atheism.—*Enfield's History of Philosophy.*

LONDON CITY MISSIONS.

The fourth anniversary was held at Exeter Hall, May 14th, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wood, presiding.

Receipts. £4,820 8s 5d.

Payments, £4,323 15s. 1d.

Summary of Proceedings.—Houses accessible to missionary operations, ascertained to be upward of 121,000, inhabited by about 1,000,000 persons, or one-half of the whole population of the metropolis, which increases by about 25,000 annually; missionaries 50, of whom eight were added in the year; visits paid 186,515, of which 23,806 were to the sick and dying; making a total, since the formation of the mission, of 158,233 visits, of which 82,099 were to the sick and dying; prayer meetings held 5,080, making a total of 16,579; tracts distributed 223,056, making a total of 819,210; Scriptures lent, chiefly the Loan Psalms and Testament of the British Foreign Bible Society 36,964; making a total of 39,038.—*Missionary Herald.*

THE ANUALETTE. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Children.

Who it is does not appear—but we rejoice that another writer has risen among us, so capable of contributing to the amusement and improvement of children. And some who are not children, can derive not a little pleasure and benefit from this book. It is filled with pleasant and instructive pieces. The sentiments excited are pure and elevated, the style simple and beautiful. The young cannot read it without being made wiser, happier and better. This, we are aware, is saying a good deal. And if our readers are disposed to think it may be too much, all we ask of them, is to buy and distribute some of them among their young friends. We are confident they will confirm our opinion. It is pretty as well as good, and just the thing, therefore, for a present to little gentlemen and ladies, who probably think themselves pretty, and certainly ought to be good.

THE WELL BRED BOY. Or, New School of Good Manners.

We have given this little book to boys, and the mothers of boys to read. They both appear equally satisfied with it. It *must*, therefore, be an interesting and good book. And such is our impression from the portions we have looked over. The subject is worthy attention. The comfort and respectability of families depend not a little on the breeding of the boys that may belong to it. And to discipline the modes of action is to soften and chasten the active energies. Good manners lead to good feelings. The cultivation of the outer man, confers lasting benefits on the moral man. It is said we are an irreverent people. It is very likely the case, and is not the source of the evil (and it is a great one, for reverence is the angel of the world) in the lack of early discipline? Let the lessons and precepts of this book be studied and applied, and matters will soon mend. The writer evidently knows what is in boys, and how to make it pleasant and beautiful. We commend the work to those whom it most concerns.

The Treasurer of the Evangelical Missionary Society in Massachusetts, acknowledges the receipt of fifty dollars, from Ladies in the Parish of Rev. Mr Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.

*** We understand that an address will be delivered on Sunday evening next, at the Bulfinch Street Church, by its junior pastor Rev. F. T. Gray, on the subject of Sunday School Instruction. Exercises will commence at 7 o'clock.

A CARD.

The Unitarian Churches of Quincy and Hillsboro', (Illinois,) are desirous of building houses of worship, in the course of the coming year; and not having very ample pecuniary resources within themselves, they turn to their Eastern friends for aid. The undersigned is now on a visit to Boston to collect funds for this object. He would be glad of an opportunity to state to any Churches or individuals charitably disposed, the peculiar circumstances of these churches, and the strong reasons that exist for affording them immediate assistance. He wishes that those who may feel an interest in this subject, would forward their contributions to Rev. Charles Briggs. As the communities, where these Churches are situated, are greatly in want of religious books, donations of this kind towards either Church or Sunday School libraries, would be most gratefully received, and may be directed to the care of David Reed, Office of Christian Register, over 19 Water street. It is believed that many Sunday Schools and libraries in this city and vicinity have duplicates of many works, or other books that could be easily spared, and would be of great service to the cause of Liberal Christianity in the West.

W. P. HUNTINGTON.

☞It is requested that the books may all be sent in, on or before Thursday, the 19th instant.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Died at Mexico, (Maine) the latter part of November, of Typhus fever, Mrs Jane Barnard, wife of Stephen Barnard, Esq., and mother of the Rev. Stephen Barnard, of Athol, (Mass.)

The decease of this truly excellent and pious lady is a source of heart-felt grief to all who had the benefit of her acquaintance. Her life has been passed in an uniform tenor of usefulness, and in the practice of quiet and unpretending virtues. Each day found her employed in her appropriate duties, earnestly, but meekly following out her allotted path, she was spared from most of the infirmities usually incident to old age, and those she was called to endure were mild and gentle in their visitations. Time indeed laid a lenient and forbearing hand upon her, and she regarded her old age as a happy period of her life, cheered as it was by easy circumstances, by rational and liberal views of religion, and by the affectionate attentions of children and grand children. A friend who deeply feels this dispensation, and who for many years has passed annually several weeks in her family, has remarked, that he was constantly reminded, by the deportment of this excellent woman towards her aged and affectionate partner, of the beautiful and pathetic ballad, 'John Anderson my Jo John.'

Affection survives its object and the living are connected with the dead, by ties scarcely less strong and tender than those which bound them together in life, and surely it is a salutary tenderness to dwell on the remembrance of those we have loved and lost, thus though dead they continue with us, and thus is their 'memory blessed.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Died at Sterling, on Rock river, Illinois, Oct. 2d, Mrs Mary Andrews, wife of Wm. H. Andrews, and daughter of Deacon Josiah Preston, of Warwick, Mass., aged 30.

Mrs A., left her father's dwelling the 25th of May last, to join her husband, who went out to Illinois the year before to provide a place for the reception of his family. Her health was delicate when she commenced her journey, and it was with great difficulty that she performed it. After reaching her new house, her health continued to decline, and during the most part of her sickness, her sufferings were very severe, which she bore with a Christian fortitude and resignation. Her disorder, which proved to be of a chronic inflammation of the stomach, had been without doubt sometime seated, and the fatigue of her journey and the change of climate contributed to bring it more speedily to its fatal termination. In her death bereaved affection mourns. Her amiable and Christian virtues will be retained in long remembrance by her friends. And thus she found her grave in the distant West, yet they can feel comforted in the belief that her spirit rests in peace. S

INTELLIGENCE.

City Election.—At the election, on Monday, JONATHAN CHAPMAN Esq. was elected Mayor, by a large majority. The following gentlemen were elected Aldermen. Nathan Gurney, Thomas Hunting, William T. Andrews, James Clark, Nathaniel P. Russel. Abraham T. Lowe, Charles Amory, Charles Wilkins.

Marblehead Rail Road.—The cars' begin to run today on the Marblehead branch of the Eastern Rail Road, and will continue to run daily, Sundays excepted, four times a day, leaving Salem at 1-2 past 8, 1, 4 and 6 o'clock.

The rails on the Eastern Rail Road from Salem to Ipswich are all laid, and that part of the road will soon be opened to the public.—*Dai. Adv.* Dec. 10.

Statue of Washington.—The statue of this 'Father of his country' designed for the Rotundo at Washington, is now under the chisel of our countrymen Greenough, at Carrara, in Italy. A correspondent of the New York Observer, who is writing 'Letters from Europe,' under the signature, B., referring to this statue, says:

It is just now ready for the hand of its designer, but some time must still be spent in getting it to Florence and giving the last touches; and two years may elapse before it takes its destined place. The material is of a coarser grain than the first-rate statuary marble, which is next to impossible to obtain in sufficient size for so huge a work. The half draped figure is in a sitting posture, and exhibits great dignity and force. The countenance in serene majesty, is from the best model familiar to every American as that of his own father; and the whole work when finished will be found worthy of the good fame of the artist. It would be going beyond a traveller's license to offer criticism, or even to give a more minute description, while the statue is still incomplete. In looking upon the immense mass of marble, one is puzzled to know how it can be safely floated across the Atlantic. Even a ship of the line can only take it upon deck.

Whig National Convention.—It is generally known that a Whig Convention has been appointed, from most of the States to meet at Harrisburgh, Pa., for the purpose of nominating a candidate of their political views, for the Presidency.

This Convention assembled on the 4th instant. The Daily Advertiser of the 10th says;

There are various reports of the opinions of the Convention. The following is from the New York Express of Saturday;

Letters dated yesterday at 12 o'clock state, that an informal vote had been taken by States, and the following was the result;

Clay,	98	12	States.
Harrison,	96	7	"
Scott,	60	7	"

There are some other rumors in regard to the proceedings, to which we do not give much confidence, because we presume they were not concluded at the date of the last information, and that whatever had been done, could not indicate the final result. Among these rumors is one, that Gen. Harrison was ahead of the other candidates, and would receive the nomination.

By later mails we learn that the deliberations of the Convention resulted in the nomination of Wm. H. Harrison for President, and John Tyler of Virginia for Vice President.

Congress.—The Senators and Representatives elect in Congress, assembled according to law and usage on the first Monday in December, at the Capitol in Washington, D. C. The Senate was duly organized, on the first day. In the House, the organization has been delayed on account of disagreement of the members elect respecting the delegation from New Jersey, there being two sets of members claiming seats. The clerk of the old Congress, who according to custom calls the names of the members elect from the various states, declined to call the regularly commissioned members from New Jersey; and thus led to debates which kept the house from being organized in any form up to Thursday P. M., when Ex-president Adams rose and addressing not the clerk, but the members elect, called upon them to organize themselves, since the clerk refused to proceed in calling the names, according to the usual custom. The result was that Mr Adams was appointed chairman of the body, for the purpose of enabling them to take the proper steps for organization.

The members have met from day to day, and made various attempts to organize; but at the date of our last intelligence had not succeeded.

Emancipation in the West Indies.—A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, in a letter from Barbadoes, gives the following gratifying account of the results of emancipation in the West Indies.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Most of the afternoon I spent in the society of a merchant of Bridgetown, and of course the great subject engrossed our conversation. He not only spoke with confidence of the beneficial working of emancipation, but stated that all persons on the island were of the same opinion. 'People in the United States,' said he, 'may call emancipation an experiment; but here we do not call it so; the experiment is over, and the good results of emancipation are satisfactory established.' Like others with whom I had conversed, he alleged the great rise in the value of real estate, as ample proof of the pecuniary benefits of that great measure. One estate of 400 acres was lately rented for £2,000 per annum. Another plantation sold a few years since for £15,000, was lately purchased for £30,000. During the last two years one estate has yielded the proprietor a nett income of $120,000. The island, he concluded, is in a far better state than it ever has been. * * * * *

Such was the substance of the information communicated in this and subsequent interviews with this intelligent merchant. At dinner, on the same day, I was in the society of another merchant of Bridgetown. From him also I received similar statements, in reply to my inquiries; corresponding indeed so nearly, that any account of the conversation would be little more than a repetition of the words. Indeed, the unanimity of opinion on this subject is truly remarkable. Our passengers, twenty in number, have ridden much on the island; have visited numerous estates, and conversed with great numbers of people of various classes, on this subject. We have all found but one sentiment. None of us have found an individual who is not glad that emancipation has taken place, and fully satisfied that its results have been beneficial to master and slaves; to the moral and pecuniary welfare of the whole population.

England.—The Steam ship Liverpool has brought English papers to Nov. 15th. We give a few items of news, selected from various papers.

'The ship of war Imogene arrived at Portsmouth on the 14th, from S. America, with two and a half millions of dollars on merchants account. This arrival was expected to give ease to the money market. The intelligence from the United States to Oct. 23, by packet, was such as to have a favorable effect on American securities. The accounts by the Liverpool affected the Paris Stock Market but slightly.

There had been some acts of violence by the Chartists in Wales, who assembled to the number of a thousand armed men, and resisted the magistrates. They were repulsed by the military, and had 14 men killed.

The British government have come to the resolution not to recognize the claim of the Opium dealers in Canton to remuneration, under Capt. Elliot's arrangement.

The London correspondent of the New York Journal of commerce says.

'The news of the suspension of the Philadelphia and Southern Banks, produced a painful sensation, but its general effect was less felt than might have been expected.

We are all deeply interested in the New York and Boston Banks persevering in specie payments. If you hold out until the Great Western arrives, we think there will be no difficulty.

The exchanges continue to be favorable for this country, and specie gradually flows in, and it is now generally thought that the bad quality of a large part of the harvest will keep the market averages so as to exclude foreign wheat and flour.

London Nov. 15.—Her Majesty.—Windsor, Thursday.—This morning at half-past nine o'clock, the Princes Ernest and Albert of Saxe Coburg, attended by Lord Alfred Paget, Count Kolowrath, and Baron Alvenslehen, took their departure from the castle. Their Serene Highnesses proceeded to Dover, from whence they will embark for Brussels, via Calais, to pay a visit to the King of the Belgians, on their route to Germany. Their Serene Highnesses are not expected to return to this country before the month of March next.

A Windsor letter of the 13th says, 'Prince Albert's return to England has been arranged to take place in March next, and we state, upon the best authority, that, in the course of the following month, or early in May, the marriage of her Majesty with this 'fortunate youth,' will take place.

Alexandria, in Egypt, Sept. 26.—The health of the Pacha is entirely re-established. Before the departure of Commander Stopford of the Zebra, in an audience which he had of the Pacha, the latter addressed to him the following words; 'Tell your father (Admiral Stopford) that I will not give up the Turkish fleet—that in the long course of my life I was never guilty of cowardice, a gross act of which would be if I were to submit to the absolute will of the great Powers.'

The Gazette of Leipsic says, the King of Prussia, by way of reprisals against the Pope, is about modifying the laws on mixed marriages in every part of the monarchy, so that all children from henceforth born in those marriages shall be educated protestants.

The correspondent of the Suabian Mercury, in Munich, writes, under date the 5th instant, that letters received from St. Petersburgh, at the Palace of Leuchtenburg, state that all classes of the population in the Russian capital regarded war as inevitable, from the immense armaments then making in all parts of the empire.

London Newspapers.—The number of stamps issued to London Times, from Jan. 5th 1837, to Jan. 5, 1838, was 3,355,000, and in the succeding year 3,650,000. This last number is equal to an average of 11,660 for each publishing day. The number to the Morning Herald, in 1837, was 2,078, 000, and in 1838, 1,925,000. To the Morning Chronicle, in 1837 2,200,000; in 1838, 2,075,000. To the Morning Post, in 1837, 797,900, and in 1838, 875, 500.

The amount paid for Advertisement Duty by the Times, in 1837, was £9,600 12s.: and in 1838, £11, 238 3. The amount paid to the Government annually by the Times for stamps and advertisement duty is about £25,000 sterling.

Religion in France.—Decided measures have been taken within this few past years to aid and advance the cause of what is called 'evangelical religion' in France. Missions of inquiry have been established, and a steady correspondence kept up by which those interested in the subject have been made acquainted with the state of public feeling, and the success of their undertakings. Many interesting communications have been made to the New-York Observer, respecting the state and prospect of religion in France. One of the most interesting of these correspondents is Mr. G. De Felice, at present a colleague of Professor Monod, at Montaubau.

Rev. Mr Baird, who has been sometimes a resident in France as a missionary, has recently visited this country, and on his return to his labors has written a letter for publication in the Observer dated Paris Oct. 6th in which he says;

I have learned enough to satisfy me, that the cause of evangelical religion is still making progress, slowly but certainly in this kingdom. Indeed, I can see that there has been decided progress made here since I left this city, eighteen months ago, to return to the United States. This is seen in an augmentation of the number of those who hear the Gospel in the French chapels.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The eighth anniversary was held in Hanover-square Rooms, May 16th, Bishop of London in the chair.

Prevalence and Fruits of Intemperance.—During the year ending January 5th, 1839, duty was paid on 28,943,103 gallons of distilled spirits at proof, for home consumption, for England, Scotland, and Ireland. Upwards of 52,000 public houses and 47,000 beer and cider shops were licensed in England and Wales; which, together with a multitude of other incitements to intemperance, were in active operation. The levy for poor rate amounted to £4,044,741; 26,885 prisoners were charged with criminal offences, and upward of 290,000 persons were relieved by the hospitals, infirmaries and dispensaries of London a very large proportion of whom required this aid in consequence of their use of distilled spirits.

THE JEWS IN PALESTINE.

A late London paper contains some extracts from a letter by the Rev. Mr. McCheyene, one of a deputation from England, to ascertain the condition of the Jews in Judea. He says:

The accounts we received at home, as to the state of the Jews in this land, are far from being accurate—The exact number of Jews, in Palestine, it is very difficult to ascertain. The largest estimate reckons them to be about fifteen thousand. They reside chiefly in the four holy cities as the Jews call them. In Jerusalem about 7000; in Hebron, 700 to 800; in Tiberias, 1200, in Saffet, 1500 to 2000. In the towns along the coast there may be, in Jaffa 60; in Kiaffa, 150 to 200, in Acre, 200; in Tyre, 150; in Sidon, 300, in Nablous (the ancient Sychar) we found about 200, and 150 Samaritans. In the villages of Gallilee there may be 400 or 500. The increase in the number of Jews has been very decided since 1822, when the Pacha of Egypt took possession of Syria. For two years past, the increase has not been so great, owing to the ravages of the plague, the increased price of provisions, the embarrassed finances of the Jewish community, and the oppression of the rabbis. In my last I mentioned, that, in Europe, collections are made at the door of the synagogue for the support of the Jews in the Holy Land. These collections amount, annually, upon an average, to 2800*l*. Every Jew in the land, rich or poor, after he has been a year in the country, has share appointed to him, if he chooses to take it. The chief cause of their returning to this land seems, certainly to be attachment to the inheritance of their fathers. They also believe their rabbis here actually inspired; that to die in this land is, to a Jew, certain salvation; and that, if they die out of it they must make their way under ground to rise in the Valley of Jehosophat.

They are very different from the Jews we have seen in France and Italy; they are far from being infidel; on the contrary they are superstitious Jews. They have a real expectaion of Messiah's coming; and this feeling is waxing stronger. They are far kinder and gentler in their dealings with us; they seem to look upon us as friends. This is not wonderful, when you remember, that they are counted as dogs by all the Moslems. They maintain the beautiful dress of their fathers, and are a noble looking race, when compared with the wretched Arabs who are scattered over this land. Almost all the male Jews here spend their time in reading. There are six synagogues in Jerusalem, and thirty-six reading places. These are established by individuals, that they may attain some merit to their souls! Five or six readers are appointed to each, having a small salary, one or two of whom are expected to be always there reading the Talmud.

This account is confirmed by a Mr. Bonar, under date of Jerusalem, June 17th;

The real state of the Jews in Palestine is very interesting. The varying accounts we used to hear of their condition are at once realized by inquiry on the spot. We find them to be far less numerous than is usually reported, and there have been fewer resorting to this land during these three last years than during the three preceding. Yet, still it is true that there is a constant influx of them, however small. But they die very rapidly. The prevalence of plague, the price of provision, owing to the state of the country, and their internal state of division in Jerusalem, have discouraged Jews from Europe from coming here of late.

They carry on no trade, except the few who are at Tyre, Sidon, and Kiaffa. Hence poverty is a general feature of all the Jews here. There are few rich men among them, and these few conceal their wealth. As to their feelings toward Christianity, these, too, are peculiar. Of course, those that come to Jerusalem are the devout and strict Jews, who reckon it a merit to go to the Holy City. Yet, these very men are on good terms with the missionaries, treat them as friends, often apply to them for advice, and one of their brethren, a convert, goes out and in among them, not only undisturbed, but respected. There is much hope of good being done among them. We had an opportunity of again seeing how accessible the people of Israel are to kindness.

SCHOOL LECTURES.

The twelfth lecture will be given at Tremont Hall, opposite the Savings Bank, on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, at half past 3 o'clock, P. M. It is expected from Rev. E. M. P. Wells.

G. F. THAYER, for the Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, at the Twelfth Congregational Church, by Rev. Mr Barrett, Capt. David L. Stevens to Miss Harriet W. Carleton.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Clark, Mr Wm. H. S. Jordan, of the firm of Weeks, Jordan & Co. to Miss Mary B. Thayer.

In Warwick, 28th ult. Mr. James H. Clapp, of Dorchester, to Miss Leonora Blake.

In Gloucester, 10th inst. Benjamin Haskell, M. D. to Miss Mary Jane Calef.

In Haverhill, Mr. Thomas F. Grimes of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth G, daughter of Dea. John Morse, of H.

In New York, 5th inst. C. Oscanyan, of Constantinople, to Maria Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Skinner of N. Y.

In Jamaica, L. I. 3d inst. Mr Rufus C. Whiting, of Boston, to Miss Sarah R, daughter of the late Capt. John Tishew, of New York.

In New York, 7th inst. Mr. Robert Center to Mrs Martha Winthrop, widow of the late Charles Winthrop, Esq. of Boston.

In Raleigh, N. C. 1st inst. William Stringer, Esq. of R. to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Hobart, Esq. of Hingham, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 6. Mr Charles Holland, 26.

Dec. 7, Mary Caroline, second daughter of Lemuel A. Coolidge, 2 years and 8 months.

Dec. 10, Anna P., wife of Dr. Edwin Adams, 33.

In Chelsea, Capt. John Crutt, late one of the Port Wardens of this city, 71.

In Medford, on the 7th inst. of consumption, Mrs Eliza, wife of Capt. Martin Burridge, 41.

In Framingham on Friday evening, Lucinda A, second daughter of Capt. David Bigelow, 25.

In Lincoln, Dec. 8, William Hayden, Esq, 77, for many years a highly respectable merchant of this city.

In Sherburne, 3d inst. widow Mary Leland, 91.

Died in Northboro' Dec 4th, Mrs Mary B. Stone, wife of Mr Dana Stone aged, 27.

In New York city, 27th inst. Samuel Ward, Esq. of the house of Prime, Ward, King & Co. and President of the Bank of Commerce.

VALUABLE, RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL WORKS.—Harmer's Observations on Scripture, 2 vols. 8vo.
Life and Times of Richard Baxter, 2 vols. 8vo.
Young Preacher's Manual, 8vo.
Robert Hall's Life and Sermons, 8vo.
Claude's Defence of the Protestant Reformation, 2 vo.
Marsh's Lectures 8vo.
Christie's Dessertations on the Unity of God, 8vo.
Wardlaw on the Socinian Controversy, 8vo.
Heber's Sermons in England, 8vo.
Tracts on the Unitarian Controversy, 8vo.
Chalmer's Works, 8vo.
Mason's Plea for Communion, 8vo.
Sparks' Inquiry 8vo.
Pulpit Assistant, 8vo.
Carpenter's Harmony of the Gospels 8vo,
Palfrey's Harmony of the Gospels, 8vo.
Yate's Vindication of Unitarianism, 8vo.
Campbell's Four Gospels, 2 vols.
Belsham's Translation and Exposition of the Epistles
Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey.
Farmer on Miracles, The Temptation, and Demoniacs.
For sa'e by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street dec 14

A NEW ANNUAL.—The Annualette--a Christmas and New Year's Gift for Children. Just published by S. G. Simpkins, 21 Tremont Row. dec 14

NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.—A new edition of Sandford and Merton, with embellishments--Rollo's Travels—The Boy's Talisman— Boy's Story Book—Youth's Sketch Book—Well Bred Boy—Parlor Magic—Parley's Wonders—Robert Merry's Annual. Just received and for sale by Simpkins, at the Tremont Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. dec 14

DEWEY'S DISCOURSES—New vol. Discourses and Discussions, in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism, by Orville Dewey. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. dec 14

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.—In two Chapters, by Henry Ware Jr, being Tract 147 of the A. U. A. just published by the Agents, JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. nov 30

NORTON'S REPLY.—Remarks on a pamphlet entitled 'The Latest Form of Infidelity Examined,' by Andrews Norton. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Boston Bookstore, No 134 Washington Street. dec 14

IN PRESS—Gammer Grethel, or German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, from the collection of M. M. Grimm and other sources, with illustrative Notes, edited by Mrs Follen—in one vol 18mo—plates. Will be published in a few weeks by
JAMES MUNROE & CO.
d7 134 Washington street.

CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE &c. THE subscribers offer for sale at their Warehouse a general assortment of Church Lamps, consisting of Chandeliers of all sizes, Hanging Astral and Brackett Lamps for the Gallery, Wall or Organ and Pulpit Lamps, &c. Lamps of every description manufactured to order at short notice. Communion Services, of different sizes.
Also, a complete assortment of House-furnishing articles—Lamps, Silver and Plated Wares, Clocks, Trays, Cutlery, &c, all of which will be sold on low terms. HARRIS & STANWOOD,
n9 3m 29 Tremont Row, opp. Savings Bank.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.—In press and will shortly be published, at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets,—Rejected Addresses, by the Brothers Smith, reprinted from the 19th London edition, with the authors' new preface and and original notes. These capital imitations of the popular English Poets having for a long while been out of print both in this country and in England, a neat and convenient edition has been much wanted. That now in press will be handsomely printed and will correspond the one just issued from the London press. Dec 14.

NEW BOOK, by Dr. Alcott.—The Young Woman's Guide Excellence, by Wm. A. Alcott, 1 vol—This day published, for sale at TICKNOR'S dec. 14.

SPLENDID ENGLISH ANNUALS FOR 1840. —The Keepsake, edited by Lady E. Stuart Wortley; illustrated with 12 splendid engravings by the most eminent artists.
Heath's Book of Beauty, edited by the Countess of Blessington; with beautifully finished engravings.
Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, with poetical illustrations by L. E. L. and Mary Howitt; 36 fine Engravings, elegantly bound.
Gems of Beauty—displayed in a series of 12 highly finished engravings of various subjects from designs by E. Corbould Esq., with fanciful illustrations in verse by the Countess of Blessington.
The Iris—a new and splendid volume, with fine engravings.
The Book of the Boudoir—another new and beautiful book, for the next year. For sale at TICKNOR'S dec. 14.

THE REV. H. H. MILMAN'S EDITION OF GIBBON'S ROMAN EMPIRE, illustrated with Historical Maps. In 12 beautifully printed octavo volumes.
This edition contains the unmutilated Text of Gibbon carefully revised, particularly in the Quotations. It is illustrated with Notes to correct the errors of Gibbon, and especially to put the unwary reader on his guard against his misstatements regarding Christianity, the only blemish in a work for which the Literature of Europe affords no substitute. Mr. Milliman has also collected all the information that has been brought to light in recent times by M. Guizot and other French and German Historians, and by Documents not accessible to Gibbon; thus rendering this the only perfect edition the present time.
Imported and for sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, 112, Washington street. dec. 14,

FRENCH SCHOOL BOOKS—La Siege de la Rochelle par Madame Genlis, 2vo; De l'Allemagne, par M'me La Baronne de Stael, 2v; Corinne, ou D'Italie; par M'me Baronne de Stael, 2v; Harmonies Poetiques et Religieuses, par A. De Lamartine, 2v; Joan Baeme Theatre, 3v, P. et Th. Corneille, 5v; Boileau, 3v; La Fontaine's Fables 2v; Voltaire's Henriade, 1v; Charles XII. 1v; Le Sage's Gil Blas, 5v; Florian Gonzalve de Cordone, 2v; Meditation Poetiques, par A. De Lamartine, 2v; Voltaire, Histoire de Charles XII; Nouveau Testament, &c. &c Fresh supplies of the above this day received and for sale by the dozen or single copies, by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN. Importers of Foreign Books, 112, Washington street. dec. 14.

NEW JUVENILE ANNUALS. — BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street, will publish this day, a new work for youth, entitled 'The Boy's Talisman,' a Christman and New Year's Gift. This work is got up in the very best style. It was prepared by a mother, and every boy should be in possession of it.
—Also—
The Annualette.
N. B. At the above store may be found a great variety of Juvenile and other Books, particularly adapted to the approaching Holidays. d7

REV. DR. DEWEY'S NEW WORK. — Discourses and Discussions, by Orville Dewey, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York.
Extract from the Preface:
'The author's purpose, in this volume, has been, in the first place, to offer a brief summary of the Unitarian Belief; in the next place, to lay down the essential principles of all religious faith; thirdly, to state and defend our construction, as it is generally held among us, of the Christian doctrines; fourthly, to illustrate, by analogy, our views of practical religion; and finally, in two closing discourses, to discuss the true proportion and harmony of the Christian Character.'
This day published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. d7

SPLENDID ENGLISH ANNUALS FOR 1840. —The keepsake, edited by Lady E. Stuart Worthy; illustrated with 12 splendid engravings, by the most eminent artists.
Heath's Book of Beauty edited by the Countess of Blessington; with beautifully finished engravings.
Fisher's Drawing room Scrap Book, with poetical illustrations by L. E. L. and Mary Howitt; 36 fine Engravings, elegantly bound.
Gems of Beauty—displayed in a series of 12 highly finished engravings of various subjects from designs by E. Corbould Esq., with fanciful illustrations in verse by the Countess of Blessington.
The Book of the Boudoir—another new and beautiful book for the new year. For sale at WEEKS JORDAN & CO. Nov. 30.

ROLLO'S TRAVELS — ROLLO'S CORRESPONDENCE.—The subscribers have just published the following new and valuable books for children.
Rollo's Travels, by Jacob Abbot
Rollo's Correspondence, by do
The Well-Bred Boy, or New School of Good Manners
The Youth's Sketch Book, for 1840
All of which are suitable for Christmas, New Year, or birth-day presents.
WM. CROSBY & CO.
dec 14 118 Washington st.

ANNUALS for 1840.—All the principal English and American Annuals for 1840, for sale by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
dec 14 118 Washington st.

DR WALKER'S DISCOURSES. A Discourse delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, July 14th, 1839, on taking leave of his Society. By James Walker.
A Farewell Discourse to the Children in his Society, delivered in Harvard Church, June 30, 1839, —by James Walker.
For sale at
WM. CROSBY & CO'S. 118 Washington st.
d 14.

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.
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100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.
For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

"THE MISSES HUNT,
FEMALE PHYSICIANS,
No. 32 Green street, nearly opposite the head of Leveret street, Boston,
GRATEFUL for the extensive patronage they have received, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies, that they still continue to attend to their profession.
Hours for seeing patients from 9 till 5. 1y n9

FAMILY OIL STORE.
THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

Morn was fast peering o'er the purple hills,
And with its deep and lustrous coloring,
Was tinging with a thousand blended hues,
The silent earth, that like a half-closed flower,
Rested in quiet for the king of day.
Forth to the streams the shepherd led his flock,
That to the music of his merry lay,
Played the wild gambol on the dewy lawn,
In the full tide of freedom and of joy.
Nature yet wore its garb of matchless green,
And o'er the consecrated groves still hung
In bland luxuriance, the gathered folds
Of summer's softened beauty. Beersheba
With its tents, its beauty, and its pride,
Lay stretched in grandeur 'neath the kindling sky,
And as its slumbering sons threw off their chains,
And hied them each to his respective call,
The busy hum that filled the morning air,
Was like the music of the summer's sea,
When its low murmurs reach us from afar.

And Abraham leaned him on his staff, and prayed.
Well might he pray for guidance and for strength,
For holy hope and humble, trusting faith.
Well might he loose the flood of agony
That swelled his soul, and like a deluge wild,
Swept o'er his bleeding heart. Thrice, and but thrice,
The imperial star of day must rise and sink,
Ere his own hand must bind his cherished lamb,
And his own arm shiver life's golden bowl.
And would the cheering voice of man be near?
Would sympathy, with melting tenderness,
Steal o'er his heart to brighten up the gloom?
Ah no! On lone Moriah's summit rude,
Where yet again man's foot might never tread,
Far from the turmoil of the busy world,
He soon must stand alone! alone, with nought,
Save yet the whispering of the gentle breeze,
And the hushed presence of the God of love.

Ye who in suckcloth mourn, when Death's cold frosts
Wither the budding beauty ye have loved,
Think if ye can, how sweeter far the task,
To plant the willow by their silent graves,
Than to behold the incense-wreathing flame,
Kindled, ay kindled by thine own right hand,
Bearing their ashes upward to the skies!
And Abraham gathered up his garment's folds,
And went his way. Wrapt in a shroud of thought,
He heeded not the carolled song of birds,
The stream's low purl, or the wild mountain flowers;
But onward, to the errand of his God,
With trembling bosom did the patriarch speed.
The unconscious boy, with childhood's lightsome tread,
Pursued his devious way, his tender arms
Clasping with pride his own funereal pile;
Nor dreamed, that like the Savior of the world,
He bore the cross of his own agony.
My Father! And the patriarch bowed his head,
To listen to the breathings of his child.
My Father, thou hast brought no lamb with thee
To lay upon the altar of thy God.
How did those gentle words fall like a blight
Upon his struggling soul! How did he choke,
With anguish and with grief, ere strength was given
To answer to his child.—And now the hour,
The hour of trial came! The altar rose
Beneath his forming hand, and Isaac lay,
Bound like a tender lamb upon the pile.

And Abraham knelt in deep and fervent prayer!
Oh, 't was an hour of bitter agony!
If the beloved Son of God could ask
That the o'erwhelming cup be turned away,
Yet meekly bow him to his Father's will,
Why should the faithful servant of his Lord,
Haste to a sacrifice like this, nor lift
One supplication to the throne of Heaven?
But faith's celestial sun rose clear and bright,
And hope triumphant cheered his spirit on.
With a strong arm, and an unfaltering hand,
He drew the fatal knife forth from its sheath,
And stood beside his son. The clustering curls
Were parted on his brow, and childlike peace
Rested as in immortal beauty there.
The parent's hand uplifted, aims the blow!
But hark! from the clear sky an angel speaks.
He comes with words of mercy and of love,
To the tried friend of God; and he who late
Had yielded up his last, and only hope,
Went with his child rejoicing on his way.

L. B. T.

THE BED OF GLORY.

I had a glimpse of glory,
Upon a far-famed plain,
His garment red and gory,
As tainted by the slain;
The battle-blast resounded,
I saw his banners wave,
And fancied wreaths surrounded,
The temples of the brave.

I heard the tumult thicken,
As billows lash the shore,
And saw the foot-steps quicken
For death to number o'er;
The war-cry thrice was given,
And o'er the frenzied fight,
Red grew the face of heaven,
As blushing at the sight.

There man to man was calling,
'Mid waste of human life,
God's creatures round me falling,
Upon the field of strife;
Yet Glory's eyes were gleaming,
Through dusk and din afar;
While slaughter's flag was streaming
Above the blood-stained car.

They perished not for freedom,
Nor at their country's call—
Ambition seemed to lead 'em,
And Fame but mock'd their fall;
A broken flag-staff clasping
They lay on Glory's bed,
A rag of red silk grasping,
The dying and the dead.

And this, said I, is GLORY,
As trickled down the tear,
And heroes gash'd and gory,
Are left to slumber here.
Come mad Ambition hither,
Behold Fame's blighted bud,
The bays must surely wither,
When stain'd with human blood!

'Tis indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FASCINATING POWER OF REPTILES.

The following accounts, which have been collected by Dr Bird, and published in his 'Peter Pilgrim,' exhibit some of the most remarkable instances of the effect of this power on record.

'Walking' (says Dr Todd of Vermont,) 'in a field in Connecticut, near a small grove of walnut trees, I saw a sparrow circling in the air, just in the margin of the wood, and making dreadful moans of distress. Immediately the former circumstances occurred (he had seen an instance of charming in his boyhood, but had been frightened away by the charmer,) and I approached with caution within twenty feet of a black snake, about seven feet long, having a white throat, and of the kind which the people there call runners, or choking snakes. The snake lay stretched out in a still posture. I viewed him and the bird near half an hour. The bird, in every turn in its flight, descended nearer the object of its terror, until it approached the mouth of the serpent. The snake, by a quick motion of its head, seized the bird by the feathers, and plucked out several. The bird flew off a few feet, but quickly returned. The snake continued to pluck the feathers at every flight of the bird, until it could no longer fly. The bird would then hop up to the snake and from him, until it had not a feather left except on its wings and head.

The following is a story, authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance upon a large black snake; upon which one of them immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake so celebrated for its powers, could charm or fascinate *him*; he requested his companion to take up a stick, and keep a good eye on the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made trial of its powers. This, says Mr Beach, the other agreed to do; when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake, and made a stand, looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion, and the lad says that at that instant there appeared something to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror when turned in the sunshine; he said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colors appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings, circles or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him every where else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over swift running water. He then says, he thought he would go from the snake; and as it was dark every where but in the circles, he was fearful of treading any where else; and as they still grew less in circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, and he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak; it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the centre His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approach nearer the snake, making a strange, groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the nightmare, he said he could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. He that had been charmed was much terrified, and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat, he complained much of a dizziness in his head, attended with pain, and appeared in a melancholy, stupid situation for some days.

Another case is given on the authority of Colonel Cloghorn, of Rutland, Virginia, and relates to two men of Salisbury, in Connecticut named Baker and Nichols. Going towards the meeting house in that place, they discovered a large rattlesnake in a plain open piece of land. The snake lay coiled up in a posture of defence. To attack him with safety, they procured a long slender pole or switch, with which they could reach him, without being in any danger from his motions. As the snake could not escape, they diverted themselves with irritating him with their pole, without giving him any considerable wound. Being prevented in all his attempts to escape from or to bite his opposers, he suddenly stretched himself at his full length, and fixed his eyes on the man who was tickling him with the end of the pole. The snake lay perfectly still, and Mr Nichols kept on the same motions with his switch. When this scene had continued for a short time, Mr Nichols seemed to incline his body more and more towards the snake, and began to move towards him in a very slow and irregular manner. Baker, who stood looking on, noticed these appearances, and called to Nichols to desist from the business, and dispatch the snake. He took no notice of these admonitions, but appeared to have his whole attention fixed on the snake. He was observed to be gradually moving towards him, to have a pale aspect, and be in a profuse sweat. Alarmed with the prospect, Baker took him by the shoulders, gave him a violent shake, pulled him away by force, and inquired what was the matter. Nichols, forced from the scene, made an uncommon mournful noise of distress, appeared to be uncommonly and universally affected, and in a few minutes replied to the inquiries that he did not know what ailed him, that he could not tell how he felt, that he never felt so before, that he did not know what was the matter with him but felt very unwell.

A third case is the fascination of a lady of Lansinburgh, on the North River, vouched for by Mr Watkins, a minister of the gospel, whom she informed of her adventure. The spell was in this case relieved by a passer by; when the disenchanted lady immediately felt as though she had been amongst poisonous herbs, itching, &c., which issued in a long fit of sickness, which her physician ascribed to the fascination of the snake; and she had not recovered, says the reverend narrator, when I saw her.

Another case still more interesting:—When I was a boy about thirteen years old (says Mr Willard,) my father sent me into the field to mow some briers. I had not long been employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked around for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He laid coiled up, with his tail erect and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colors the imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious: in the highest degree melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond any thing I ever heard before or since, and, indeed, far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the hated reptile; and, as I had been used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger; but suddenly recollecting what I heard the Indians relate (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid, yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power, and I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away. In the latter part of the scene I was extremely frightened, and ran as fast as possible towards home, my fright increasing with my speed.'

(From the United States Gazette.)

READING AND ITS ENVIRONS.

I had occasion to spend a day or two about the middle of July last, in Reading. I don't know exactly what days, because all that I spend there are marked with a white stone. One delightful afternoon I accepted an invitation of a friend to ride into a part of the country which I had not previously seen—a few miles southwest of the borough. Our outward ride was chiefly along a narrow stream that one time went brawling over the stones and pebbles, and then, contracting its width, it slid silently through a rich meadow, pouring abundance along its margin. Again, a large portion of its waters were diverted to the edge of the meadow, until it held a height far above the level of that portion which ran in the natural channel, and until it acquired a position to make a fall sufficient for grain-mills, &c. It was delightful to see how many uses that little stream was turned to by the ingenuity of man, without destroying one for which it was poured out by Him who 'holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.'

Pursuing the route upward along the margin of this beneficent stream, for several miles, we turned at length short, and came through rich farms, and saluted hard-laboring farmers, until, descending a hill, a large and handsome building arrested our attention:—It was the Berks County Poorhouse.

I don't know when I have seen so much taste exhibited in the selection of a site of a public building. It was in the centre of a broad, gentle declivity towards the southeast. Above the building, the land was sufficiently high to supply the premises amply with water; and below, it slanted away gracefully, with here and there a slope and a rise, until, far down, the meadow was margined by a stream hastening to pay its tribute to the Schuylkill.

On one side, at a distance, an eminence was crowned with a grove of native oak, so thinned by care and industry as to allow a green carpeting below. Broad gardens for the establishment were fenced in with pales; and around, the almost illimitable fields were yielding their sheaves to the garner of the 'Poorhouse,' while many of its tenants were thrusting in the sickle, binding the rich bundles, or loading the groaning wain.

Leaving our carriage and horses in the care of one of our company, my companion introduced me to the keeper of the vast establishment, who kindly conducted us from cellar to garret, and made us acquainted with the sufferers, and the economy of the establishment—the healthy of his flocks being chiefly in the fields.

I do not purpose to discuss all that we saw; but it may be well to say that the rooms were constructed to be well heated in the winter, and properly ventilated in the summer.

Here was the men's wardrobe, with abundant supplies of apparel, marked and numbered; and there, the women found their garments, all arranged.

In one place, I discovered a keg of tobacco, towards which my heart warmed with remembrance of early acquaintance. That was for the paupers—and so were some items of snuff—and even a keg of whiskey yielded a portion for the stomach's sake of the laborer who did not think it right to break off too short.

When the hay field and the grain field claimed the healthy of both sexes, the rooms of the place were poorly tenanted. A blind man was strumming at some unpronounceable instrument, and the halt was looking over the page of a German psalter. In one corner, lay a man about fifty years of age; he had no pain, it was evident; but there was no hope on his brow. I could see that he was watching the decline of the sun—marking how steadily its broad disk dropped below the brow of the western hill. He was in a rapid consumption, and the cares of the house did not disturb him, for he was trying to set his own house in order. He had no part nor lot in the harvest field, for his own head was bowed, ripe for the sickle, and his attenuated frame seemed to invite the reaper's hand.

On a bed beyond, and in another room, lay John; he had broken his leg in a shocking manner. John comforted himself that he should get well, at any rate; and 'he had a capital character for honesty and temperance.' 'May be so, John,' said the keeper; 'I never heard that you ever took what did not belong to you, provided ye paid for the liquor with which you got drunk when your leg was broken.'

'This is the school room,' said the keeper to us, as we passed through a neat room with benches and about twenty old black letter Dutch psalters scattered in various parts of the room; nothing, I believe, would break them to pieces. 'This is the school room, but it seems to be a holyday.'

Shortly afterwards, we passed some two or three old lazars, sitting under a tree; one, about eighty years old, was smoking his pipe.

'Well Jacob,' said the keeper, in Dutch, to the old man, 'how comes on the school.'

Jacob was the schoolmaster.

'Pretty well,' says Jacob; 'pretty well, I believe.'

'Where are the boys?'

'The boys? they are in the school room.'

'No: we have just came through the school room, and there is no person there.'

'Well, that is strange. I left them all there yesterday, playing like dogs.'

'That,' said the keeper, directing our attention to a building at a short distance from the large house,' is the old mansion house. This whole farm was the home of Governor Mifflin.'

'And the residence of his Excellency—to what use is it now put?'

'Come and see.'

We entered the house, whose position and remnants of elegance gave great evidence of refined taste. The parlor was occupied by some half a dozen poor miserable maniacs, whose cropped hair was bristling like the stubble in the newly reaped fields; and the front yard was a refreshing place for a race of unhumanized beings, to whom the straight jacket had become a familiar restraint.

Above, in the lodging and dressing-rooms of the late Governor, were disposed wretched, moping objects; some of whom, for months, had lain stretched out, as if life had departed. As we were leaving this miserable place, some one thrust his head through a hole in the window, directly into my face, and demanded to know when he should be released. It was a black man, in the full enjoyment of the small pox; a more uncouth object never visited the dreams of a lobster eater.

The keeper informed him, as he had all other applicants, that the committee would meet on Monday.

Returning through the main building, my eye accidentally caught the form of a young woman in a room which we were hastily passing.

'And what does she ail?'

'Nothing,' said the keeper; 'her husband was drowned last Saturday, and as she had neither friends nor money, they sent her and her child hither; but she will be dismissed next Monday.'

We turned into the chamber to see the young widow. As we entered the room she turned her head; it was one that a painter would delight to sketch; and if I was a painter, I would attempt it. Not more than twenty summers had passed over it. The rich blue eye was not dimmed, and the roundness of the youth had not passed away from her features. Recent grief had deepened on her countenance the melancholy which seemed rather natural than the consequence of sudden bereavement, and poverty had yet scarcely begun its work of defacing beauty by the stamp of care which it marks upon the face.

The infant was 'at home;' its face was hidden, and the small handkerchief which lay over its mother's neck served at once to cover the features of the child and to conceal the source of his nourishment.

Poverty has its feelings as well as wealth: and a day or two's residence in an almshouse may serve rather to sharpen than deaden them; and an honest mind will respect these feelings wherever they are found. It was not till I had led the young widow into conversation, and thus shown a sympathy in her sufferings, that I ventured to ask her what she proposed to do after next Monday, when even the almshouse would cease to be a retreat.

She would go to Reading, and thence find her way to the city, where she thought she could earn a living.

By this time, the orphan had been aroused from his calling beneath the handkerchief, and his little apron served as a recipient for some small offering which seemed due at least after such direct questioning, and which, taking that course, called for fewer acknowledgments from the widow.

'But how will you be able to pay your passage to the city, and earn, when there, to provide for yourself and child?'

'I am healthy and strong, and, though not much used to hard work, I think God will aid the widow and the orphan. That certainly is my confidence.'

'I hope so,' said I.

'I know it. Look at the beginning of his goodness' said she, pointing to the money in her lap; 'and that gathered, too, in an almshouse! Ah,' continued the widow, pointing with streaming eyes to a passage in the evening service of her prayer-book that lay on the child's lap, 'they that fear the Lord have hope in the Lord; He is their helper and protector.'

There was a simplicity in the confidence of the young woman that deeply affected me as well as my companion, and, without a word, I pointed to a passage almost adjoining that which she had quoted:—'May the Lord add blessings upon you—upon you and your children.'

As we were leaving the room, the keeper remarked to me: 'A countrywoman of yours, I suppose? The Irishers are very plentiful here since the railroads have been undertaken.'

I nodded. 'The unfortunate are of all countries.'

'But I am thinking,' continued the keeper, 'she is over confident in Providence. She will have to work and suffer too.'

Before I could reply, I missed my companion from Reading. He had gone back to the widow. I saw his black eyes glisten, and a tear fell from hers, uplifted in gratitude, as she folded a bank note into the corner of her handkerchief.

Taking leave of the attentive keeper of the house, we drove away, impressed with the order and usefulness of the establishment.

Our road for a short distance lay through the grain fields of the almshouse—never was the sickle thrust into such an abundant harvest.

'And this was all sown last year?' said I, inquiringly, to my black eyed friend.

'Every seed of it.'

'There was a confidence in Providence even in that ordinary act of husbandry,' said I, thinking of the widow and her infant.

'There was a hope of blessings upon means employed. The site was well selected, the fields lay fair to the sun, and the soil was moistened by dews and rains, and softened by culture.'

'True,' said I, pointing back to the widow's window, brought into view by a sudden bend of the road, 'the situation in an almshouse may be good to excite feelings; the heart newly widowed, and the infant happy at the aching breast, may be promotive of correct feelings; and grief, that moistens the cheek, and religion, that purifies the heart, will tend much to justify the confidence in Providence, because they tend to excite liberal charity in those who witness them.'

'You're thinking of the widow,' said my friend.

'And she is thinking of you and your liberality.'

My friend whipped up his horses, and I could not ascertain whether it was a five or ten dollar note the widow tied up in the corner of her kerchief. It was the widow's confidence, however, that won his feelings and made him the almoner of Heaven. For it may be remarked now, as it was two thousand years ago,

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